MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

With his Portrait, engraved from an original Drawing.

GENERAL WASHINGTON was born in the parish of Washington, Westmoreland county, in Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732. He was the third son of Mr. Auguſtine Waſhington, a planter, or farmer of reſpectable talents, diſtinguiſhed reputation, and large eſtate in Virginia. The anceſtors of this gentleman, about the year 1657, removed from Yorkſhire, in England, to Virginia, and ſettled in King George's county, where, at the commencement of the revolution, the general had three brothers living, viz. Samuel, John, and Charles, all gentlemen of conſiderable landed property, and a ſiſter. The general was the firſt fruit of a ſecond marriage. His early education, conducted by a private tutor, under the direction of his father, was ſuch as favoured the production of an athletic and vigorous body, and the formation of a correct and ſolid mind.

By his tutor he was taught the rudiments of the Latin language, Engliſh grammar, and the elements of the mathematics. At the age of ten years, his father died, and the charge of a numerous family devolved on his eldeſt brother, Mr. Lawrence Waſhington. This brother, a young gentleman of moſt promiſing talents, had a captain's command in the colonial troops, employed againſt Carthagena, under admiral Vernon. On his return from this expedition, he married the daughter of the hon. William Fairfax, of Belvoir, and ſettled on his patrimonial eſtate, which he called Mount Vernon, in honour of his admiral, from whom he had received many civilities. He was afterward made adjutant-general of the militia of Virginia, but did not long ſurvive his appointment. He left one daughter, who dying young, and his ſecond brother alſo having died without iſſue, the general ſucceeded to the family ſeat, and to a very conſiderable landed eſtate.

It is a circumſtance which ought not to be here omitted, that, at the age of fifteen, he was entered a midſhipman on board a Britiſh ſhip of war, ſtationed on the coaſt of Virginia, and his baggage prepared for embarkation; but his mother, then a widow, expreſſing her reluctance at his engaging in that profeſſion, the plan was abandoned.

The office of adjutant-general, made vacant by the death of his brother, in conſequence of the extenſive limits of the province, was now divided into three diſtricts; and the future hero of America, before he had completed his twentieth year, began his military ſervice by a principal appointment in that department, with the rank of major.

When he was little more than twenty years of age, an event occurred which called forth his great talents into public notice and exerciſe. In 1753, the French from Canada, aided by the Indians, whom they engaged for the purpoſe, made inroads and encroachments upon the weſtern frontiers, along the Allegany and Ohio rivers. Orders were received from England, by the governor (Dinwiddie) and council of Virginia, to repel by force theſe encroachments. It was, however, thought a prudent preliminary ſtep, to make an effort to prevent open hoſtilities, by friendly and ſpirited remonſtrances to the French, and conciliatory overtures to the Indians. Major Waſhington was deputed to undertake this important and perilous embaſſy. Accordingly, he was diſpatched by the governor, with a letter to the commander in chief of the French on the Ohio, complaining of the infractions of the treaties ſubſiſting between the two crowns; and with inſtructions and plenary powers to treat with the ſix nations, and other tribes of weſtern Indians, and to ſecure their attachment to England. He commenced his journey late in

October, with about fifteen attendants, and endured the fatigues, and performed the duties of his miſſion, with ſingular fortitude and addreſs. When he returned with monſ. de St. Pierre's anſwer, and gave information of his ſucceſs in his negociations with the Indians, he received the approbation and thanks of his country.

Notwithſtanding this, however, hoſtile operations in that quarter were ſtill continued, as part of the meditated plan of general attack upon the Britiſh colonies. In this ſtate of things, orders were received from the mother-country, for the colonies to unite, and prepare to defend themſelves. The aſſembly of Virginia took the lead; and early in the year 1754, voted a ſum of money for the public ſervice, and agreed to raiſe a regiment of 400 men for the defence of the frontiers of that colony. Mr. Fry, one of the profeſſors of the college of William and Mary, was appointed colonel of this regiment, and major Waſhington, then about twenty-three years of age, received the commiſſion of lieutenant. Colonel Fry died ſhortly after his appointment, and left his regiment and rank to the ſecond in command.

Colonel Waſhington now was indefatigable in his efforts to form his regiment, to eſtabliſh magazines, and open roads ſo as to preoccupy the advantageous poſt at the confluence of the Allegany and Monongahela rivers (now Pittſburgh) which he had recommended for that purpoſe, in his report the preceding year. Impreſſed with the neceſſity of expedition in accompliſhing this important object, without waiting for a detachment of independent regulars, and ſome companies of provincials from the neighbouring colonies, who were expected to join him, he commenced his march in the month of May.

On his way, at a place called Red Stone, he met a ſtrong party of the French and Indians, which he engaged and routed, after killing and capturing fifty of the enemy. Among the priſoners was the celebrated monſ. de la Force, and two other officers, from whom colonel Waſhington received intelligence, that the French forces on the Ohio conſiſted of upward of 1000 regulars, and ſeveral hundred Indians, and that they had already erected a fort at the poſt he had intended to occupy, which they called Fort du Queſne. Upon this intelligence, he took his ſtation with his little army at a place called Great Meadows, for the convenience of forage and ſupplies, where he built a temporary ſtockade, to cover his ſtores, and named it fort Neceſſity. Here he waited the arrival of expected ſuccours from New York and Pennſylvania, but was joined by captain M'Kay's regulars only, which increaſed his force to about 400 effective men. He remained unmoleſted till July, when he received information from his ſcouts that a conſiderable party of the enemy was approaching to reconnoitre his poſt; he ſallied and defeated them; but in return was attacked by an army of French and Indians, computed to have been 1500 ſtrong, under the command of the ſieur de Villiers. The little garriſon made a gallant defence, of ſeveral hours, during which they killed nearly 200 of the enemy, and more than one third of their own number were either killed or wounded. The French commander, diſcouraged by ſuch bold oppoſition, propoſed a parley, which terminated in an honourable capitulation. Colonel Waſhington, at the head of his troops, quitted the fort with the honours of war, agreeable to the articles of capitulation, and carried with him his military ſtores and baggage; but the French commander, either unable or unwilling, did not reſtrain his Indian auxiliaries from plundering the provincials, and making a conſiderable ſlaughter of men, cattle, and horſes. After this diſaſter, the remains of the Virginia regiment returned to Alexandria to recruit.

The Britiſh ambaſſador at the court of Verſailles was directed to remonſtrate to the French government a-

gainſt the breach of the articles of capitulation abovementioned; and this may be conſidered as the period when the French court began to unmaſk, and to diſcover that the conduct of its governors and officers in America, was in conformity to their orders. After this, warlike preparations on the frontiers were made by the French with redoubled activity, and were continued through the winter of 1754 and the ſpring of 1755.

During this period the government of Virginia raiſed an additional number of troops, who built fort Cumberland, and fort London, and formed a camp at Wills Creek, a ſituation convenient for the annoyance of the enemy on the Ohio. In all theſe ſervices, and particularly in the erection of the forts, colonel Waſhington was actively and principally employed.

At this time, May 1755, general Braddock arrived at Alexandria, from England, with two veteran regiments from Ireland, to which were to be joined the independent and provincial corps in America, and at the head of this army he was to repel the invaders of the colonial frontiers. Upon a royal arrangement of rank, by which 'no officer who did not *immediately* derive his commiſſion from the king, could command one who did,' colonel Waſhington reſigned his commiſſion, and as a volunteer, and extra aid de camp, joined general Braddock. The army marched directly for fort Du Queſne, by the route of Wills Creek. No perſon was ſo well acquainted with this route as colonel Waſhington, and no other officer in the colony, at this time, ſuſtained ſo high a military reputation; and had his counſel been ſufficiently regarded, it has been ſuppoſed that the ſubſequent misfortunes might have been prevented. In his route, general Braddock unexpectedly, and of conſequence, unprepiredly, met a large body of the enemy. It is unneceſſary to detail minutely the particulars of the hard-fought and bloody battle which enſued, and which terminated in the total defeat of Braddock's army.

Colonel Waſhington was the only officer whoſe duty obliged him to be on horſeback during the battle, who was not either killed or wounded. Providence ſeemed to reſerve him to ſave from utter deſtruction the wreck of a defeated army. Having ſecured their paſſage over the ford of the Monongahela, and finding the enemy did not purſue their victory, he haſtened to concert meaſures for their further ſecurity, with colonel Dunbar, who had remained at ſome diſtance in the rear, with the ſecond diviſion of the army and the heavy baggage. The public accounts of this whole affair, both in England and America, were not parſimonious of applauſe for the eſſential ſervice he rendered his country on ſo trying an occaſion.

Not long after this time, the regulation of rank, which had been ſo injurious to the colonial officers, was changed to their ſatisfaction, in conſequence of the diſcontent of the officers, and the remonſtrance of colonel Waſhington; and the government of Virginia, impreſſed with a due ſenſe of his merits, gave him, in a new and extenſive commiſſion, the command of all the troops raiſed, and to be raiſed in that colony. This commiſſion he held, with ſignal credit to himſelf, and advantage to his country, till 1759, when, tranquillity being reſtored on the frontiers of the middle colonies, and his conſtitution having become extremely enfeebled and endangered by an inveterate pulmonary complaint, he reſigned his military appointment.

From this period, till the year 1775, he cultivated the arts of peace. Soon after he reſigned his commiſſion in 1759, his health having been gradually re-eſtabliſhed, he married the preſent Mrs. Waſhington, then Mrs. Martha Cuſtis, an amiable and beautiful widow, with whom he had a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds ſterling in her own right, beſide her dower in one of the principal eſtates in Virginia, and ſettled as a planter and farmer, at his favourite ſeat, Mount Vernon.

General Washington was the largeſt landholder, probably, in the United States. Beſide the large eſtates which came into his poſſeſſion by his marriage, and by the death of Mrs. Waſhington's only daughter (amounting in the whole to thirty thouſand pounds ſterling) he owned large tracks of excellent land in different parts of the ſtate, which, in early life, while he was ſurveyor, he had taken up for himſelf, or purchaſed of officers who had lands allotted them for their ſervices. He alſo made large additions to his eſtate at Mount Vernon, which in 1787, conſiſted of about nine thouſand acres, under his own cultivation. His income from his eſtates was reckoned, in 1776, to amount, at leaſt, to *four thouſand pounds* ſterling a year; and it was then ſuppoſed they would have ſold for more than one hundred and ſixty thouſand pounds of the ſame money. There can be no doubt, that under his ſuperintendance, his property has ſince much increaſed.

General Waſhington was not leſs diſtinguiſhed as a farmer, than as a warrior or ſtateſman. He undertook every thing on a great ſcale, proportioned to his great and comprehenſive mind; and his exact and exemplary method in tranſacting all his buſineſs, enabled him to accompliſh more, and in a more perfect and advantageous manner, than perhaps any other man of the age. He has raiſed ſeven thouſand buſhels of wheat, and ten thouſand of Indian corn in one year, on his eſtate at Mount Vernon. In a ſucceeding year, he raiſed two hundred lambs, ſowed twenty-ſeven buſhels of flax-ſeed, and planted more than ſeven hundred buſhels of potatoes. At the ſame time he had manufactured under his eye, by his domeſtics, linen and woollen cloth ſufficient for his houſehold, which conſiſted of nearly a thouſand ſouls. His land, deſigned for cultivation, he had incloſed in lots of equal dimenſions, and crops aſſigned to each for many years. On Saturday in the afternoon, every week, he was accuſtomed to receive reports from all his overſeers, which reports were correctly regiſtered in books kept for the purpoſe; ſo that at the end of the year, he was able, accurately, to aſcertain the quantity of labour beſtowed on each of the ſeveral lots, and the amount of the produce. Order and economy were eſtabliſhed in all the departments within and without doors.

Agriculture was his favourite employment, and he purſued it in a manner worthy of himſelf. One great object which he ever kept in view, was to introduce or augment the culture of thoſe articles, which he conceived would be the moſt beneficial in their conſequences to his country. Upon this principle, he early gave up planting tobacco, and went altogether into the farming buſineſs. To acquire and communicate practical knowledge, he correſponded with Dr. Anderſon, and Mr. Arthur Young, of this country, and with many agricultural gentlemen in America. As improvement was known to be his object, he was in the habit of receiving rare ſeeds, and reſults of new projects from every quarter. He likewiſe made copious notes, relative to his own experiments, the ſtate of the ſeaſons, the nature of ſoils, of which he was an excellent judge, and the effects of different kinds of manure, and ſuch other topics as tended to the improvement of agriculture.

While he was thus uſefully occupied as a farmer, and giving to all around him, and to poſterity, a noble example of induſtry, economy, and good management, he was, at the ſame time, aſſiduous in ſerving the ſtate. From the time he left the army, in 1759, until the year 1774, he was conſtantly a member of aſſembly; he was alſo a magiſtrate of the county in which he lived, and a judge of the court. He was elected a delegate to the firſt congreſs in 1774, and to that which aſſembled the year following.

It was while he was a member of this aſſembly, that he was, on the 15th of June, 1775, by their unanimous

vote, appointed commander in chief of all the forces raiſed, or to be raiſed for the defence of the colonies. But as the events of this period are ſufficiently well known, it is not neceſſary to particularize them here. He arrived at the camp in Cambridge, and took the ſupreme command of the army, July 2, 1776. Commentaries on his campaigns would undoubtedly be highly intereſting and inſtructive to future generations. The conduct of the firſt campaign would merit a minute attention. But a volume would ſcarcely contain the mortifications he experienced, and the hazards to which he was expoſed in 1776 and 1777, in contending againſt the proweſs of Britain, with an inadequate force. The American arms, aided by thoſe of France, were afterward more ſucceſsful, and brought on the concluſion of the war in 1782.

No perſon, who had not the advantage of being preſent when general Waſhington received the intelligence of peace, and who did not accompany him to his domeſtic retirement, can deſcribe the relief which that joyful event brought to his labouring mind, or the ſupreme ſatisfaction with which he withdrew to private life. The ſimplicity which diſtinguiſhed his private life, though leſs known than the dazzling ſplendour of his military achievements, is not leſs edifying in example, or worthy the attention of his countrymen. The conſpicuous character he acted on the theatre of human affairs, the uniform dignity with which he ſuſtained his part amid difficulties of the moſt diſcouraging nature, and the glory of having arrived through them at the hour of triumph, made many official and literary perſons, on both ſides of the ocean, ambitious of a correſpondence with him. Theſe correſpondences unavoidably engroſſed a great portion of his time; and the communications contained in them, combined with the numerous periodical publications and newſpapers which he peruſed, rendered him, as it were, the focus of political intelligence for the new world. Nor were his converſations with well informed men leſs conducive to bring him acquainted with the various events which happened in different countries of the globe. Every foreigner of diſtinction, who travelled in America, made it a point to viſit him. As another ſource of information, it may be mentioned, that many literary productions were ſent him annually by their authors in Europe; and that there was ſcarcely one work written in America, on any art, ſcience, or ſubject, which did not ſeek his protection, or which was not offered to him as a token of gratitude. Mechanical inventions were frequently ſubmitted to him for his approbation, and natural curioſities preſented for his inveſtigation. But the multiplicity of epiſtolary applications, often on the remains of ſome buſineſs which happened when he was commander in chief; ſometimes on ſubjects foreign to his ſituation, frivolous in their nature, and intended merely to gratify the vanity of the writers by drawing anſwers from him, was truly diſtreſſing, and almoſt incredible. His benignity in anſwering perhaps increaſed the number. Had he not huſbanded every moment to the beſt advantage, it would not have been in his power to have noticed the vaſt variety of ſubjects that claimed his attention.

In this manner he ſpent his time, from the peace of 1783, till he was elected a member of the convention who framed, in Philadelphia, in the ſummer of 1787, the preſent conſtitution of the United States. Of this convention he was choſen preſident, and when it was to be put in operation, he was unanimouſly elected to the chair of government, and he obeyed the ſummons. On the 30th of April 1789, he was inaugurated preſident of the United States, in the city of New York, amid the acclamations of thouſands of ſpectators. In the autumn after his induction into office, he viſited the eaſtern ſtates; with how much delight and advantage to the

people, and ſatisfaction to his own mind, is evinced by the volume of their addreſſes, and his anſwers.

'With what dignity, (ſays one of his American biographers, Dr. Morſe) wiſdom, firmneſs, integrity, and high and general approbation, he performed the duties of his moſt arduous, elevated, and reſponſible office, during his eight years adminiſtration, his eulogiſts have eloquently announced, and hiſtorians will record with pride and admiration. Commencing in his adminiſtration, what heart is not charmed with the recollection of the pure and wiſe principles announced by himſelf, as the baſis of his political life! He beſt underſtood the indiſſoluble union between virtue and happineſs, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honeſt and magnanimous policy, and the ſolid rewards of public proſperity and individual felicity: watching with an equal and comprehenſive eye over this great aſſemblage of communities and intereſts, he laid the foundations of our national policy, in the unerring and immutable principles of morality, baſed on religion, exemplifying the preeminence of free government, by all the attributes which win the affections of its citizens, or command the reſpect of the world.'

Twice elected by the unanimous voice of his country to the preſidential chair, when the period for a third election arrived, in September 1796, when the ſtate of his country was ſuch that he conſidered it no longer neceſſary for him to ſacrifice his inclination to his duty, he announced to his fellow citizens in an addreſs, which has been greatly admired, his determination to retire, and requeſted them not to conſider him as a candidate for their future ſuffrages; having ſpent *forty-five* years of his life in the ſervice of his country, he conſoled himſelf with the hope that he was now quitting for ever 'the boundleſs field of public action, inceſſant trouble and high reſponſibility, in which he had ſo long acted a principal part;' the whole of this addreſs or letter may be ſeen in our Magazine for November 1796.

His fond hope, however, was not realized. From March 1797 to July 1798, he lived in peace, at his beloved retreat, diſcharging the duties of a private citizen with a condeſcenſion and greatneſs of mind peculiar to himſelf. At the latter period, when every thing dear and ſacred was ſeriouſly threatned by the perfidy and inſolence of the French, the voice of his countrymen was raiſed to him, as the inſtrument, under Providence, for their protection. He once more accepted the chief military command. His ſentiments on this ſubject will appear to moſt advantage in his own language, in a letter he wrote July 1798, to Dr. James Anderſon, our celebrated agricultural writer.

'I little imagined,' ſays general Waſhington, 'when I took my laſt leave of the walks of public life, and retired to the ſhades of my vine and fig tree, that any event would ariſe *in my day*, that would bring me again on a public theatre: but the unjuſt, ambitious, and intoxicated conduct of France toward theſe united ſtates has been, and continues to be ſuch, that they muſt be oppoſed by a firm and manly reſiſtance, or we ſhall not only hazard the ſubjugation of our government, but the independence of our nation alſo; both being evidently ſtruck at by a lawleſs, domineering power, who reſpects no rights, and is reſtrained by no treaties, when it is found inconvenient to obſerve them.

'Thus ſituated—ſuſtaining daily injuries, even indignities, with a patient forbearance, from a ſincere deſire to live in peace and harmony with all the world, the French directory, miſtaking the motives and the American character; and ſuppoſing that the *people* of this country were divided, and would give countenance to their nefarious meaſures, have proceeded to exact loans (or, in other words, contributions) and to threaten us, in caſe of non-compliance with their wild, unfounded, and incoherent complaints,

that we ſhould ſhare the fate of Venice, and other Italian ſtates. This has rouſed the people from their ſlumbers, and filled their minds with indignation from one extremity to the other of the union; and I truſt, if they ſhould attempt to carry their threats into effect, and invade our territorial, as they have done our commercial rights, they will meet a ſpirit that will give them more trouble than they are aware of in the citizens of theſe ſtates.

'When every thing ſacred and dear to freemen is thus threatned, I could not, conſiſtent with the principles which have actuated me through life, remain an idle ſpectator, and refuſe to obey the call of my country to head its armies for *defence*; and therefore have pledged myſelf to come forward whenever the exigency ſhall require it.

'With what ſenſations, at my time of life (now turned of ſixty-ſix) without ambition or intereſt to ſtimulate me thereto) I ſhall relinquiſh the peaceful walks to which I had retired, and in the ſhades of which I had fondly hoped to have ſpent the remnant of a life worn down with cares on contemplation of the paſt, and in the enjoyment of ſcenes preſent, and to come, of rural growth, let others, and eſpecially thoſe who are beſt acquainted with my ways of thinking, decide; while I, believing that man was not deſigned by Providence to live for himſelf alone, ſhall prepare for the worſt that can happen.'

The preparations made in America, under his judicious guidance, to repell the attacks of the French, are well known, and they have been ſucceſsful. They are too recent, however, to require notice here. We return, therefore, to the laſt days of general Waſhington. His illneſs was ſhort and painful. On Thurſday, December 12, 1799, he was abroad on one of his plantations. The day was rainy, and he caught cold; which, on Friday, produced a violent inflammation in the throat. The following night his diſeaſe became very alarming, and he was urged to ſend to Alexandria for his phyſician. His humanity for his ſervants prevented it till next morning. At eleven o'clock on Saturday, his phyſician arrived. It was too late. The hand of death was already upon him. Though his diſtreſs was extreme, he was calm and reſigned. He informed his attendants that his affairs were in good order; that he had made his will, and that his public buſineſs was but two days behind hand. A very ſhort time before he died, he ſaid to his phyſician, 'Doctor, what is the clock? How long am I to remain in this ſituation?' The doctor replied, 'Not long, ſir.' He then rejoined with the firmeſt countenance, 'I have no fear, doctor, to die.' His breathing ſoon grew ſhorter, and preſently after he expired without a ſigh or a groan. His phyſicians atteſt, that 'He was fully impreſſed at the beginning of his complaint, as well as through every ſucceeding ſtage of it, that its concluſion would be mortal; ſubmitting to the ſeveral exertions made for his recovery, rather as a duty, than from any expectation of their efficacy. He conſidered the operations of death upon his ſyſtem as coeval with the diſeaſe; and ſeveral hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be underſtood, ſucceeded in expreſſing a deſire that he might be permitted to die without further interruption *.'

General Waſhington in his perſon was tall, upright, and well made; in his manners eaſy and unaffected. His eyes were of a bluiſh caſt, not prominent, indicative of deep thoughtfulneſs, and when in action, on great occaſions, remarkably lively. His features ſtrong, manly, and commanding; his temper reſerved and ſerious; his countenance grave, compoſed, and ſenſible. There was in his whole appearance an unuſual dignity and gracefulneſs, which at once ſecured for him profound reſpect, and cordial eſteem. He ſeemed born to

* His will was inſerted in our Magazine for April, page 311.

command his fellow men. In his official capacity, he received applicants for favours, and anſwered their requeſts with ſo much eaſe, condeſcenſion and kindneſs, as that each retired, believing himſelf a favourite of his chief. He had an excellent and well cultivated underſtanding; a correct, diſcerning, and comprehenſive mind; a memory remarkably retentive; energetic paſſions under perfect controul; a judgment ſober, deliberate, and ſound. He was a man of the ſtricteſt honour and honeſty, fair and honourable in his dealings; and punctual to his engagements. His diſpoſition was mild, generous, and kind. Candour, ſincerity, moderation, and ſimplicity, were, in common, prominent features in his character; but when an occaſion called, he was capable of diſplaying the moſt determined bravery, firmneſs, and independence. He was an affectionate huſband, a faithful friend, a humane maſter, and a father to the poor. He lived in the unvarying habits of regularity, temperance, and induſtry. He ſteadily roſe at the dawn of day, and retired to reſt uſually at nine o'clock in the evening. The intermediate hours all had their proper buſineſs aſſigned them. In his allotments for the revolving hours, religion was not forgotten. Feeling what he ſo often publicly acknowledged, his entire dependence on God, he daily, at ſtated ſeaſons, retired to his cloſet, to worſhip at his foot-ſtool, and to aſk his divine bleſſing. He was remarkable for his ſtrict obſervation of the ſabbath, and exemplary in his attendance on public worſhip.

An Account of the MANNERS *and* CUSTOMS *of the* INHABITANTS *of the Iſland* BORNEO.

[By Mr. Von Wurmb.]

THE Biadjoos, or Dajakkeſe, for the moſt part inhabit an extenſive diſtrict in the interior part of Borneo, on the weſt ſide of the river Banjer. The Biadjoos are of large ſtature and well built. Their women are ſaid to be fair and handſome; but they never bring them to Banjer, or any other of the places where they trade. The dreſs of the Biadjoos has a great reſemblance to that of the Malays. Their women, and even the wives of their princes, go naked to the middle, and, in general, have nothing around their body but a ſhort gown. The men paint their bodies with figures of various kinds, as is the caſe among the other natives of the iſland, and throughout all India. They come to Banjer to ſell their gold, canes, and rice, for which they receive in exchange coarſe Chineſe porcelain, copper and earthen veſſels, or tampayangs, on which are repreſented dragons, ſnakes, and other figures ſuited to their taſte.

Their marriages are accompanied with ſome very ſingular ceremonies. When a bachelor has conceived an attachment for a young woman, he employs ſome female to aſk her in marriage from her parents; but he is ſure of receiving a denial, unleſs he has given a proof of his courage by cutting off the head of an enemy. If his offer is accepted, he carries to his bride a preſent, which conſiſts of a male or female ſlave, two dreſſes, and a water-pot, on which ſome of their favourite figures are repreſented. When the wedding-day arrives, the bride and the bridegroom each give an entertainment at their houſes; at the concluſion of which the bridegroom in his beſt apparel, is conducted to the reſidence of the bride, where he finds at the door of one of her relations, who ſmears over him the blood of a cock which has been killed for that purpoſe; and the ſame ceremony takes place in regard to the bride, with the blood of a hen. They then preſent to each other their bloody hands; but it is conſidered as a bad

omen, if the blood, in conſequence of this joining of hands, ſpirts out too far around them. The new-married couple then remain together, and the whole ſolemnity ends with a ſecond entertainment. When the wife lies-in, the huſband aſſumes the office of nurſe, and no other care is uſual on this occaſion than that one of their conjurers, whom they call *balion*, gives the newly-delivered woman ſome medicines, amid ſinging, and beating on certain inſtruments named *gindang*. If the wife die, the huſband cannot enter again into the married ſtate until he has cut off the head of ſome individual of another nation, and thereby avenged the death of his wife.

When a Biadjoo dies, the body is put into a coffin, and kept in the houſe until all the remaining males of the family, father, ſon, and other near relations, have purchaſed a ſlave; who is to be beheaded on the day when the body is burnt, in order that he may attend the deceaſed in the other world. Before this unfortunate wretch is butchered, it is earneſtly recommended to him, to be faithful to his maſter on the other ſide of the grave. The aſhes of the burnt body are afterward collected in one of the above-deſcribed water-pots, and the pot, together with the head of the ſlave who has been ſtrangled, is depoſited in a ſmall edifice, or tomb built for that purpoſe. A year often elapſes before the relations of the deceaſed are in a condition to purchaſe a ſlave to ſerve him in the next world.

Their houſes are conſtructed of boards joined together, and have neither windows nor partitions, except that which ſeparates a ſmall corner for ſleeping in. The whole family reſide together along with their ſlaves, forming in the whole ſometimes a hundred perſons. They have nothing to afford them light but a thin piece of pine-wood, which burns no longer than till about eight in the evening. Over their doors they ſuſpend the heads which they cut off in their ſkirmiſhes, and often while they are ſtill bloody. Whenever they conceive a deſire of diſplaying their courage by cutting off heads, they ſet out on an expedition for that purpoſe. On ſuch occaſions, the perſon who wiſhes to gratify his bloody intention, makes known his deſign to his friends and relations, who deliberate with him on the means to be purſued, and who accompany him, together with their dependants and ſlaves. They then proceed, in great ſecrecy, to the river Banjer, and lie in wait for ſome ſmall veſſel belonging to Banjer fiſhermen, whom they either ſurpriſe in the night-time, or attack and carry away in the open day. One or, perhaps, two of theſe unfortunate captives are then deſtined to become a ſacrifice to their inſatiable rage for murder.

When the Dajakkeſe bring home a head, the whole village, men, women, and children, teſtify their ſatisfaction by every demonſtration of joy. People who beat on *gongs*, which is a kind of muſical inſtrument of copper, are ſtationed in a row in the ſtreet to conduct the conqueror, with the head in his hand, to his own houſe, where he is received by all the women preſent, who dance around him. When he approaches the door, he finds where the *gongs* ceaſe, a cuſhion placed for him, on which he ſits down, and where the head is taken from him by the women. The fortunate head-hunter receives preſents from all the company, who dance and afterward partake of a repaſt. At the ſame time ſome food is thruſt into the mouth of the head, and a little drink is poured into it; after which it is hung up as a perpetual trophy of victory.

Theſe people, however, before they undertake expeditions of this kind in queſt of Banjereſe heads, always endeavour to deduce ſome omen of good or bad fortune from the flight of a kind of hawk, called Falco Milvus. With this view, they entice the bird

to perch on the ground, by ſtrewing rice on it, and by other means; and if he wheels round when he riſes, and diſappears in the clouds, or flies toward that quarter to which they intend to proceed, they conſider it as a ſign of good fortune, and they ſet out with freſh courage: but if the bird directs its flight toward a quarter oppoſite to that to which they wiſh to go, they defer the expedition till a more favourable opportunity. It often happens, that they muſt wait two or three days before ſuch a feathered prophet appears, to inform them, when they are to expect good fortune.

The Biadjoos have ſcarcely any form of government, and no written laws. If a perſon is accuſed of theft, and if ſufficient proof cannot be adduced againſt him, the culprit and the accuſer are carried before one of the oldeſt inhabitants. An earthen pot with aſhes and water is placed on the ground, and a bit of wood, on which are depoſited two ſmall copper buttons, is laid acroſs the pot. After an oath has been adminiſtered to each of the parties, the bit of wood is turned round in ſuch a manner that the buttons fall into the water; the accuſed and the accuſer muſt then each draw one of the buttons from it, and he whoſe button appears as if ſcoured, and rendered white by the aſhes, gains the proceſs.

It is ſaid, that the Biadjoos have ſome idea of a Supreme Being, to whom they addreſs prayers under the name of Dewatta; and, as they believe, that this Dewatta not only created, but ſtill preſerves and rules the world, they requeſt him to grant them happineſs and proſperity. Reſpecting the notions which they entertain of this deity, and the particular worſhip they pay to him, I can give no further account. If we may judge from the character of theſe people, their deity muſt be a gloomy and revengeful being. no nation on the earth have a greater propenſity to murder and revenge.

When a married woman commits adultery, and is diſcovered by her huſband, the latter never makes any attempt againſt the adulterer, but contents himſelf with putting to death two or three of his ſlaves; after which he imagines himſelf freed from all ſhame. The woman, on the other hand, is puniſhed merely with words, but ſometimes with blows. Do not a people, whoſe conduct is regulated by ſuch laws, deſerve pity? Revenge, ſuperſtition, avarice, and a ſpirit of plundering, are often among civiliſed as well as unciviliſed nations the ſtrongeſt incitements to acts of cruelty and murder: but the Biadjoo, who attacks only poor defenceleſs beings, and carries about their heads as trophies of his courage; who never attacks his enemy himſelf, but endeavours to be avenged by putting to death innocent ſlaves, certainly ſurpaſſes in cruelty the ravenous animal that devours others only to appeaſe its hunger. Let us hope, for the honour of humanity, that a good deal in this imperfect relation may be exaggerated.

The Biadjoos are unacquainted with polygamy. When a man wiſhes to ſeparate from his wife, in conſequence of her having been guilty of ſome crime, he retains her clothes and ornaments, and cauſes her to pay beſides, a fine amounting to thirty rials. After this, each party may again marry. Theſe people acknowledge the ſultan of Banjer as their ſovereign, and pay him yearly a ſmall tribute in gold duſt of the value of twenty rials.

The principal part of the information reſpecting theſe people was obtained from a Mr. Palm, who made a journey from Pontiana to Landac in the year 1779, on buſineſs of the Dutch Eaſt-India company, and who, on this occaſion, penetrated a conſiderable way into the country.

ON THE RIDICULOUS—WITH EXAMPLES.

THE *ridiculous* differs from the *riſible*. A riſible object produces an emotion of laughter merely; a ridiculous object is improper as well as riſible, and produces a mixt emotion, which is vented by a laugh of deriſion or ſcorn. Burleſque, though a great engine of ridicule, is not confined to that ſubject; for it is clearly diſtinguiſhable into burleſque, that excites laughter merely, and burleſque, that provokes deriſion or ridicule. A grave ſubject, in which there is no impropriety, may be brought down by a certain colouring, ſo as to be riſible, which is the caſe with the *Homer burleſque*, of which an edition has lately been publiſh d, with engravings, which carry on the burleſque admirably. The *Lutrin* is a burleſque poem of another ſort, laying hold of a low and trifling incident, to expoſe the luxury, indolence, and contentious ſpirit of a ſet of monks. Boileau, the author, gives a ridiculous air to the ſubject, by dreſſing it in the heroic ſtyle, and affecting to conſider it as of the utmoſt dignity and importance. In a compoſition of this kind, no image, profeſſedly ludicrous, ought to find quarter, becauſe ſuch ideas deſtroy the contraſt; and accordingly, the author ſhews always the grave face, and never once betrays a ſmile.

Though the burleſque that aims at ridicule produce its effects, by elevating the ſtyle far above the ſubject, yet it has limits, beyo d which the elevation ought not to be carried; the poet, conſulting the imagination of his readers, ought to confine himſelf to ſuch images as are lively and readily apprehended: a ſtrained elevation, ſoaring above an ordinary reach of fancy, makes not a pleaſant impreſſion; the reader, fatigued with being always upon the ſtretch, is ſoon diſguſted; and, if he perſevere, becom s thoughtleſs and indifferent. Further, a fiction gives no pleaſure, unleſs it be painted in colours ſo lively as to produce ſome perception of reality; which never can be done effectually where the images are formed with labour and difficulty. For theſe reaſons, we cannot avoid condemning the *Batrachomuomachia*, ſaid to be the compoſition of Homer: it is beyond the power of imagination to form a clear and lively image of frogs and mice acting with the dignity of the higheſt of our ſpecies; nor can we form a conception of the reality of ſuch an action, in any manner ſo diſtinct as to intereſt our affections even in the ſlighteſt degree.

The *Rape of the Lock* is of a character clearly diſtinguiſhable from thoſe now mentioned; it is not properly a burleſque performance, but what may rather be called an *heroi comical* poem: it treats a gay and familiar ſubject with pleaſantry, and with a moderate degree of dignity: the author puts not on a maſk like Boileau, nor profeſſes to make us laugh like Taſſoni. The Rape of the Lock is a genteel ſpecies of writing, leſs ſtrained than theſe mentioned; and is pleaſant or ludicrous without having ridicule for its chief aim; giving way, however, to ridicule where it ariſes naturally from a particular character, ſuch as that of ſir Plume. Addiſon's Spectator, upon the exerciſe of the fan, is extremely gay and ludicrous, reſembling in its ſubject the Rape of the Lock.

The following examples will ſhew the manner of treating ſubjects ſo as to give them a ridiculous appearance.

Orleans. 'I know him to be valiant.

Conſtable. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orleans. What's he?

Conſtable. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, he car'd not who knew it.'—Henry v. Shakſpeare.

'He never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk.'—Ibid.

Millamant. 'Sententious Mirabel! Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wiſe face, like Solomon

at the dividing of the child, in an old tapeſtry-hanging.'—Way of the World.

'A true critic, in the peruſal of a book, is like a dog at a feaſt, whoſe thoughts and ſtomach are wholly ſet upon what the gueſts fling away, and conſequently is apt to ſnarl moſt when there are the feweſt bones.'—Tale of a Tub.

In the following inſtances, the ridicule ariſes from abſurd conceptions in the perſons introduced.

Slender. 'I came yonder at Eaton to marry Mrs. Anne Page; and ſhe's a great lubberly boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong——

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl; if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.'—Merry Wives.

Valentine. 'Your bleſſing, ſir.

Sir Sampſon. You've had it already, ſir; I think I ſent it you to-day in a bill for four thouſand pounds: a great deal of money, brother Foreſight.

Foreſight. Ay, indeed, ſir Sampſon, a great deal of money for a young man; I wonder what he can do with it.'—Love for Love.

Millamont. 'I naufeate walking; 'tis a country diverſion; I loathe the country, and every thing that relates to it.

Sir Wilfull. Indeed, hah! look ye, look ye, you do? nay, 'tis like you may—here are choice of paſtimes here in town, as plays, and the like; that muſt be confeſſed, indeed!

Millamont. Ah, *Petourdie!* I hate the town, too.

Sir Wilfull. Dear heart! that's much—hah! that you ſhould hate them both! hah! 'tis like you may; there are ſome can't reliſh the town, and others can't away with the country—'tis like you may be one of theſe, couſin.'—Way of the World.

Lord Froth. 'I aſſure you, Sir Paul, I laugh at nobody's jeſts but my own, or a lady's: I aſſure you, ſir Paul.'

Brisk. How! my lord? what! affront my wit? Let me periſh: do I never ſay any thing worthy to be laughed at?

Lord Froth. O *fy!* don't miſapprehend me; I don't ſay ſo; for I often ſmile at your conceptions, but there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh; 'tis ſuch a vulgar expreſſion of the paſſions! every body can laugh. Then eſpecially to laugh at the jeſt of an inferior perſon, or when any body elſe of the ſame quality does not laugh with one; ridiculous! To be pleaſed with what pleaſes the crowd! Now, when I laugh, I always laugh alone.'—Double Dealer.

So ſharp-ſighed is pride in blemiſhes, and ſo willing to be gratified, that it takes up with the very ſlighteſt improprieties; ſuch as a blunder by a foreigner in ſpeaking our language, eſpecially if the blunder can bear a ſenſe that reflects on the ſpeaker. Of this is a moſt ridiculous inſtance in Shakſpeare's Merry Wives of Windſor:

Quickly. 'The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. Wat ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? Dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my cloſet.'

Thoſe who have a talent for ridicule, which is ſeldom united with a taſte for delicate and refined beauties, are quick-ſighted in its improprieties; and theſe they eagerly graſp, in order to gratify their favourite propenſities. Perſons galled are provoked to maintain, that ridicule is improper for grave ſubjects. Subjects really grave are by no means fit for ridicule: but then it is urged againſt them, that, when called in queſtion, whether a certain ſubject be really grave, ridicule is the only means of determining the controverſy. Hence the celebrated queſtion, whether ridicule be or be not a teſt of truth, which has often been diſcuſſed.

REMARKS *on the* COMPARATIVE PLEASURES *and* SUFFERINGS *of* ANIMALS.

[From Smellie's Philoſophy of Natural Hiſtory.]

THERE are two great ſources of animal pleaſure and pain. The one ariſes from *mental*, and the other from *corporeal* cauſes In proportion to the extent of intellectual powers in animals, the variety and intenſeneſs of their pleaſures muſt be augmented. I wiſh the reverſe were not equally true. Man, who ſtands at the head of all the animated beings of which we have any knowledge, derives the moſt extenſive, variegated, and delicate ſpecies of pleaſure from natural genius, eſpecially when improved and illuminated by ſcience, by literature, and by impartial, but acute obſervation. The means, however, of acquiring theſe accompliſhments, are often productive of the greateſt human calamities. They cannot be attained without much ſtudy and reading. But ſtudy and reading imply a ſedentary life; and a ſedentary life gives riſe to conſumptions, to the ſtone, to the gout, to want of appetite, and, of courſe, to every evil which poor mortals can ſuffer.

But let us take a view of the enjoyments procured by the acquiſition of knowledge, and by a proper culture of the mind. Every ſtep we advance, from the very commencement of our progreſs, affords pleaſures which are totally unknown, and even incomprehenſible to the ignorant and too commonly vicious part of mankind, which unfortunately includes much more than nine-tenths of the ſpecies.

When about five or ſix years of age, our ſole delight conſiſts of rambling about, flying from one external object to another, with often an unmeaning rapidity, and without perceiving, that, by this reſtleſs activity, we are laying up ample ſtores for future reflection. Nature, in her operations, has ſeldom one intention only in view: while ſhe is thus early ſtimulating us to gratify curioſity, or, in other words, to enjoy pleaſures which are perpetually changing their forms and modes of impreſſion upon the ſoft and ductile mind, ſhe is, at the ſame time, extending and ſtrengthening the body by the movements which theſe exertions neceſſarily require. The pleaſures reſulting from the acquiſition of ideas by the inſpection and examination of new external objects, from the age mentioned above, proceed with amazing rapidity. But, after this period, in what are called civilized, or rather artificial ſocieties, the natural current of the mind is checked, and turned into very different channels. To read, to write, to acquire dead or foreign languages; and, if the deſtination be ſtill higher, geometry, and ſpeculative knowledge of every ſpecies, are made the principal objects of a young man's attention. This ſevere check is, in general, too early given. At the very time when young minds are eagerly inveſtigating even the *minutiæ* of nature, as inſects, reptiles, and when a little farther advanced, birds and quadrupeds of different ſpecies, they are prematurely hurried on, to the moſt abſurd and prepoſterous of all ſtudies, namely, that of dead and foreign languages, long before they underſtand, to any extent, their native tongue.

[Here our author proſecutes his objections to claſſical learning to great extent, in which, however, it is not neceſſary to follow him, as the principal part of his objections, if well-founded, are leſs applicable to the mode of education adopted in this, than in his country.]

We ſhall now trace the progreſs and feelings of a well-informed mind, after it has engaged in the more ſerious and intereſting affairs of ſociety. Here a preliminary remark muſt be made. The more the mind has been ſtored with a variety of knowledge,

the more acute are its feelings. It derives pleaſure from many ſources, of which the vulgar can have no idea. But, mark the reverſe. The cauſes of pain augment in more than a quadruple proportion. Of moſt of theſe the vulgar have not a conception; but they torture the feelings of what are called refined minds.

Buſineſs, of one kind or another, now becomes neceſſary; and an almoſt infinite ſeries of pains and of pleaſures are the unavoidable reſults. Mental or corporeal exertions, however laborious, we ſhall not conſider as abſolutelyy painful; for when theſe are paſt, and followed with ſucceſs, they are cauſes of the greateſt pleaſures. At this period of life, another ſource of pleaſure, as well as of pain, ariſes in an unexpected, and often involuntary manner. Both in the male and female ſex, peculiar and ſtrong attachments are formed. Marriage, in general, is the conſequence of ſuch attachments: but, with regard to the preſent ſubject, what are the common conſequences of marriage? Children, and a multitude of new pleaſures and pains. When in health, the pleaſures afforded by children are numerous and delightful; but when diſeaſe comes, the account is more than balanced. A helpleſs infant tortured with pain is a moſt excruciating object. But, when a lovely child is, perhaps, ſuddenly torn from its mother's breaſt by death, the painful ſenſations excited by ſuch an event, parents alone can know. To proceed: when children have happily got over the common diſeaſes incident to that critical period of life, and have advanced to manhood, and engaged in different occupations, the anxieties of parents, inſtead of being blunted, become more acute. They then look forward, with redoubled apprehenſion and affection, to the probable ſucceſs or misfortunes of their offspring. When ſucceſsful, the pleaſure is great. But when, from negligence and vice, or even from unforeſeen misfortune, a contrary event takes place, the painful feelings of parents are not to be deſcribed. Parents not unfrequently, from a natural but ſuperabundant affection, riſk more than their fortune with a view to bring their children reſpectably forward in the world, and to render them happy. Such conduct is fooliſh; but the folly is amiable. A ſingle ſlip, however, in children, too frequently produces the greateſt miſery to both them and their parents. In all ſuch caſes, contrary to the common adage, evil comes out of good.

We have hitherto given ſlight ſketches of the pains and pleaſures ariſing from highly cultivated minds; and ſhall now deſcend to what are called vulgar and uninformed.

The vulgar, in all nations and conditions of ſociety, conſtitute the great body of the human race. Born and brought up by poor and ignorant parents, their children, of neceſſity, are excluded from every ſource of ſuperior knowledge. Theſe ſeemingly unfortunate circumſtances, it ſhould appear, would be productive of the greateſt miſery. But Nature, ever attentive to the general happineſs of her productions, has decreed that the vulgar ſhould, at leaſt, be as happy as the learned. They are excluded from many ſources of real pleaſure which the learned poſſeſs. But they know nothing of ſuch defects: and what they do not know cannot poſſibly give them uneaſineſs. They labour with cheerfulneſs, and eat their food with an appetite which no riches can purchaſe. Every moderate animal enjoyment is within their reach; and their rank in ſociety precludes them from many painful circumſtances which opulence alone can procure. Their ſleep is ſound and refreſhing; and, as their food is generally light and eaſily digeſted, they are ſeldom troubled with thoſe diſagreeable dreams which torment the luxurious, whoſe ſtomachs are not only feeble, but often overloaded with dainties, and ſtill oftener with intoxicating liquors. The vulgar are not harraſſed with ambition, nor anxiouſly

ſolicitous concerning future proſpects or future events. They enjoy the preſent moments as they fly, and rely upon the continuance of ſimilar ſources of happineſs.

In their domeſtic affairs, the vulgar are exempted from many evils which too frequently perplex the imagination, and hurt the feelings of thoſe who occupy the higher ſtations of life. Of the many vexatious circumſtances ariſing from the negligence, the petulance, the theſts, and the long train of vices daily committed by ſervants, the vulgar can never form an idea, and, of courſe, cannot feel the uneaſineſſes which they occaſion. The vulgar are likewiſe exempted from a thouſand reſtraints, and ceremonious etiquettes, which cramp the freedom, occupy fruitleſsly the attention, and give riſe to numberleſs anxieties and diſappointments, among what are called people of faſhion. The pleaſures of the vulgar, though comparatively few, are more genuine and unadulterated, becauſe they are leſs artificial, and, of courſe, unaccompanied with emulation or jealouſy, and ſeldom followed with regret or mental reproach. The pleaſures of the great are generally tumultuary, exhauſt the ſpirits, and produce languor and compunction, two painful feelings, which mutually augment each other.

Upon the whole, to men of obſervation and reflection, it muſt be apparent, that the laborious pleaſures of the vulgar are ſuperior to the luxurious, and, I may ſay, painful pleaſures of the learned and opulent.

Proceeding on our plan, we ſhall next conſider the condition of what are called brute animals, with regard to pleaſure and pain.

Brutes are exempted from a thouſand ſources of pain which afflict even the vulgar of the human ſpecies. Brutes have not an idea of futurity; but they enjoy every moment of their exiſtence, which, though, in moſt of them, not ſo long protracted as that of man, is, in general, a continued ſeries of pleaſures. I ſpeak not of thoſe animals, or rather ſlaves, called domeſtic; for theſe, to the diſgrace of the human ſpecies, are too often overloaded, beat, ſtarved, and maltreated in a ſhocking manner; but I ſpeak of animals in that which the God of Nature formed them.

The abſence of pain is certainly a ſpecies of pleaſure. When nothing hurts either the body or the mind, pleaſing ſenſations muſt neceſſarily follow. The mere conſciouſneſs of exiſtence is pleaſure. If brute animals are excluded from the pleaſures of imagination, they are, at the ſame time, exempted from innumerable tortures to which it gives riſe. Many of them, wherever they ſtroll, find their natural food under their feet; others, of a more rapacious kind, are obliged to hunt for their ſubſiſtence. Their food, of courſe, is more precarious. But Nature has endowed them with the faculty of ſuſtaining, with impunity, long abſtinence. She has likewiſe beſtowed upon them courage, artifice, patience, and alacrity, both in attack and defence.

With regard to bodily pain, ariſing either from diſeaſe or external injury, the brute muſt ſuffer as much as the man. Brutes, however, though they ſuffer from theſe cauſes, are not tormented like man, with the terrors of their conſequences. They have not a conception of death, far leſs of future exiſtence, and, what is infinitely worſe, of eternal and excruciating torture. But, to many of mankind, theſe are perpetual ſources of miſery and of terror.

Hitherto I have been talking of the comparative pains and pleaſures of the larger animals. I ſhall now hazard a few remarks with regard to the condition of the more minute tribes.

Inſects are animated beings, as well as men and quadrupeds. But it is extremely difficult to form proper ideas of their pains or pleaſures. If we may judge, however, from the

quickneſs and vivacity of all winged inſects, we ſhould reaſonably conclude, that every inſtant of their exiſtence is attended with pleaſure. Their lives, eſpecially in their fly-ſtate, is ſhort; but as a recompence, is all enjoyment. They have their food, it is true, to ſearch for and procure; but, from the inſtruments which Nature has conferred upon them, they are enabled to extract nouriſhment from almoſt every vegetable and animal ſubſtance, and even from the earth and waters. In queſt of food, or of their proper mates, they are perpetually active; and activity itſelf is one of the principal ſources of animal happineſs. When man, whatever be the cauſe, loſes the ſprings of activity, from that moment he is miſerable. It is not unnatural, therefore, to conclude, that, whenever we ſee activity in the inferior animals, happineſs muſt be the conſequence.

The motions of thoſe inſects which are not furniſhed with wings, are comparatively ſlow and languid; but we are not, from this circumſtance, warranted to infer that they are more unhappy than the winged tribes. Motion, whether quick or ſlow, requires exertion, and that exertion is not only pleaſant, but productive of vigour and of health. Still, however, when we conſult our own feelings, we are neceſſarily led to think, that the moſt active animals are the moſt happy. In the human ſpecies, an active mind enjoys life more completely than the indolent and ſluggiſh. Sloth, or the abſence of activity, is real pain. But ſlow motion in ſome of the inſect tribes, does not imply inactivity; becauſe, from their frame, that ſlowneſs of movement requires, perhaps, even greater exertions than the rapid motions of other ſpecies.

The ſluggiſh motion of earth-worms, and of ſnails, may, to us, ſeem to indicate great labour, and even pain. But it ſhould be conſidered, that, if their movements are comparatively ſlow, their travels are proportionably ſhort; for their food is almoſt perpetually before them.

The great multiplicity of inſects, both in ſpecies and individuals, is often attended with no ſmall injury to man as well as to many other animals. As a counterpoiſe, however, their enemies are innumerable. Myriads of birds, &c. daily devour ten thouſand times the number of inſects, both of the winged and reptile kinds. A bird, in an inſtant of time, ſwallows a fly; and, in the ſame inſtant, its life is extinguiſhed, without feeling, perhaps, a ſingle pang.

This ſubject ſhall be diſmiſſed with a few remarks. From the facts and obſervations related above, it ſeems to be apparent, that Nature, through the whole of her animated productions, has diſtributed her pleaſures and her pains in an equitable manner. If man and the larger animals are occaſionally ſubjected to a greater number of diſeaſes than the ſmaller tribes, their lives are, in general, protracted to a much longer ſpace; and, of courſe, the quantity of their enjoyments is increaſed. Some ſpecies of birds, as eagles, parrots, &c. beſide the pleaſures ariſing from their natural activity, are very long-lived. Moſt of the ſmall birds, though they live not ſo long, are ſtill more active; and, of conſequence, their happineſs is proportionably augmented. The lives of moſt inſects are very ſhort; but their active enjoyments, during their exiſtence, are almoſt perpetual. Thus animals of every denomination appear to have nearly an equal portion of happineſs and of pain beſtowed upon them by the beneficent inſtitutions of Nature. Even pain itſelf is no inconſiderable cauſe of pleaſure; for, when abated, or entirely removed, the pleaſures ariſing from theſe fortunate circumſtances are immenſe.

The STORY *of Madame la* MARQUISE *de* ——, *as narrated by herſelf.*

Continued from Page 263.

THE count was acquainted with a monſieur and madame Cochon, whoſe hiſtory is ſomewhat curious:—Mr. Cochon's parents were in opulent circumſtances: they intended him for the military profeſſion: and did all in their power, by giving him a ſuitable education, to render him fit for it. They never had any doubt of its being agreeable to his own inclination; for he had, from his early youth, affected the military dreſs, even in the fierceſt ſtyle. But there were two circumſtances, in the life of a ſoldier, to both of which young Cochon had an utter averſion; namely, danger and fatigue. When his parents told him, therefore, that it was time for him to chooſe a profeſſion, to their ſurpriſe, he informed them he preferred the eccleſiaſtical.

Though ſurpriſed, his relations were not very averſe to his choice; for ſome of them had ſuch influence as might ſoon procure him church-preferment. In due time, therefore, he became a prieſt.

This took place a little before the commencement of the revolution; but he found, ſoon after, that the profeſſion he had adopted, for no reaſon but to enjoy eaſe and avoid danger, expoſed him to perſecution, and more danger than he had ſhrunk from.

His regret for this miſtake was exceſſive: he thought the beſt way of repairing it was, to renounce the prieſthood; which he did accordingly; giving, for his reaſon, that his conſcience would no longer permit him to aſſiſt in carrying on a farce, contrived, from the beginning, to delude and cheat the people. And to prove that he was in earneſt, and that he might ingratiate himſelf ſtill more with the promoters of the new opinions, he determined to marry. The perſon he ſelected for this honour was a rich widow: her maiden name was Soupire. She had, from her youth, been of a ſtudious diſpoſition; and, by the time ſhe had arrived at her twentieth year, ſhe was very deep-read in romances, particularly thoſe of a refined ſentimental nature. The lady herſelf was exquiſitely ſentimental; continually ſighing for ſomething or other *The tear of ſenſibility*, to uſe a favourite expreſſion of her own, was continually trembling in her eye.

Her own perſonal diſtreſſes, ſhe thanked heaven, ſhe was able to ſupport as became a Chriſtian; but ſhe acknowledged, that the misfortunes of her friends ſhe could not endure with equal firmneſs and reſignation.

With regard to the poor, ſhe lamented that her own narrow circumſtances did not permit her to beſtow on them much pecuniary relief; but ſhe was bountiful in good wiſhes, and in the allotment which ſhe thought ought to be made for them by the rich. She often avowed, that the pleaſure of giving was far more exquiſite than that of receiving.

Nothing ſurpriſed her ſo much, as that the great, who indulge in other luxuries, ſhould have ſo little taſte for that moſt exquiſite of all luxuries, relieving the wants of others.

A young man of ſome fortune, and of a benevolent diſpoſition, who had been a little attracted by this lady's looks, which were engaging, was ſo charmed with her ſentiments, that he propoſed marriage to her. This propoſal was ſo very convenient to her, that ſhe waved that timid reluctance, and all thoſe delicate ſcruples, which it was in this lady's character to have diſplayed, had ſhe not been afraid that the lover might have changed his mind during the exhibition.

The young man, in whoſe favour we had thus overcome her delicacy, was intimately connected in friendſhip with ſome of the leaders of the Gironde party. They were arreſted a

ſhort time after his marriage. When the violence againſt them came to its height, he was adviſed to withdraw from Paris, and keep himſelf concealed. He followed this advice, and afterward eſcaped to Germany; from whence he wrote preſſing letters to his wife, begging that ſhe would join him as ſoon as ſhe could. She was taking meaſures for that purpoſe; for ſhe did not know what elſe to do; and had often declared, that to be abſent from the huſband ſhe loved was worſe than death. The night before ſhe was to have ſet out, a wealthy citizen of Paris, and the friend of Robeſpierre, made love to her.—Though ſhe acknowledged that ſhe was proud of the good opinion of ſo diſtinguiſhed a patriot, yet ſhe alſo expatiated on her virtue, and the duty ſhe owed her huſband, notwithſtanding his political errors. The patriotic citizen repreſented that her virtue needed be no obſtacle to his happineſs, becauſe he could, with the greateſt eaſe, procure for her a divorce from her huſband, who was an emigrant, and already dead in law. This argument was enforced by an offer of an ample jointure, and a conſiderable ſum of ready money, at her own diſpoſal.

The patriotic citizen prevailed; and, after the divorce had been obtained, and the new contract of marriage drawn out, ſealed, and ſigned, in due form, he became the lady's lawful huſband.

He did not ſurvive his happineſs long; the man died in conſequence of exceſs at an entertainment given by Robeſpierre's brother to a ſelect party of his friends. The count's acquaintance, citizen Cochon, had ingratiated himſelf ſo much with all that party, by abjuring the prieſthood and ridiculing Chriſtianity, that he had been invited to this entertainment. He ſaw the man carried ſpeechleſs from the feaſt, and conceived great hopes of his death; for, having before been ſtruck with the figure of his wife, and informed of her circumſtances, he thought an alliance with her would anſwer all his views.

Some ſhort time after the death of the huſband, therefore, monſ. Cochon paid a viſit to the afflicted widow. He told her, 'that, as he had loſt one of his moſt valued friends, he came to mingle his tears with hers, which, perhaps, would afford ſome degree of conſolation to both.' She expreſſed no averſion to the experiment, and they met pretty frequently, to mingle their tears accordingly. She acknowledged to him that this ceremony afforded ſome alleviation to her ſorrow, particularly as, though monſ. Cochon was a much ſtouter man, yet ſhe found a conſiderable reſemblance in his features to thoſe of her deceaſed huſband. On that hint, monſ Cochon ſpoke, and declared his paſſion with ſuch a warmth of eloquence as might have melted a harder heart than this lady's ſeems to have been.

All thoſe particulars I learned from madame la Brune, who was a relation of mademoiſelle Soupire, had kept up a certain degree of intimacy with her through all her variations, and underſtood her character perfectly.

In the account I have given of this woman (continued the marchioneſs) I have uſed, as often as I could recollect them, the very phraſes of madame la Brune, who never ſpoke of her couſin without turning her affectation into ridicule.

The count had been acquainted with madame Cochon when ſhe was mademoiſelle Soupire. At one time he was thought to be rather fond of her. Diſguſted by her affected airs of ſenſibility, he had abſtained from viſiting her. He had known her a warm and voluble friend of the Gironde party, while it was in power. He had known her its bitter enemy, and the moſt eloquent of Robeſpierre's admirers, when the Gironde party was overſet: he was fully convinced that ſhe was equally prepared to be the advocate and admirer of whoever ſhould overturn the government of Robeſpierre, and bring him to the guillotine. With whatever indulgence or partiality the count might view this diſpoſition in himſelf (for it was preciſely his own)

yet it appeared to him hideous in another; and he had the moſt conſummate contempt for madame Cochon. He imagined, however, that ſhe was a likely perſon to remove all my ſcruples with reſpect to my ſuing for a divorce and marrying again.—'As this lady, who paſſed for a woman of refined delicacy, had ſo far yielded to the voice of reaſon and prudence as to ſue for a divorce from the man ſhe had married from love, and had afterward taken a ſecond huſband, during the life of the firſt, notwithſtanding her love for him, and then a third, who had been a prieſt, in the middle of her mourning for the death of the ſecond, what heſitation could remain with me after ſo bright and ſtriking an example?'

The count, therefore, cultivated the acquaintance of monſieur Cochon more than ever; renewed his attentions to his lady, who had always retained a certain degree of regard for him, and on whom he ſoon prevailed to promote his views with all her power. She viſited her relation madame la Brune very aſſiduouſly, and took much pains to be on an intimate footing with me.

I was not long in perceiving her aim and ſuſpecting her motive. It was not in my power to avoid ſeeing this woman; but I concealed my ſuſpicions of her. I allowed her, with little interruption, to expatiate on the good qualities of the count; his intimate connection and great influence with the men in power; and on my good fortune, in having ſo valuable a friend. She drew his portrait in the moſt ſhining colours, and varniſhed it with all her art, to render it ſtill more agreeable. This had a different effect from what ſhe intended; the varniſh corroded the artificial tints, and left the likeneſs all its natural diſguſting appearance of corruption.

She was deceived by my ſilence and paſſive attention: ſhe informed the count that the moment for being liſtened to by me with favour was arrived.

At his next viſit he found madame la Brune with me. She ſeized a pretext for leaving us: he began the old ſubject of his ardent deſire of ſerving me—his extreme ſorrow for my helpleſs ſituation. On my faintly thanking him, he ſaid, 'that endeavours were making for reſtoring to me my eſtate, and threw out ſome inſinuations of his own influence with thoſe on whom that meaſure depended; that the greateſt obſtacle was my being conſidered as the wife of an emigrant; that he, however, had a prior claim, having declared his paſſion before my huſband paid his court to me. He hinted the great facility which there was with reſpect to divorces; and that though he found it difficult to obtain the reſtoration of an eſtate to a perſon who was conſidered merely as his *friend*, yet he was perſuaded it would not be refuſed to his *wife*.'

I froze at the word. I am convinced I became pale. How he conſtrued my appearance I know not; but he dropped on one knee, ſeized my hand, and renewed his requeſt in direct terms. At his touch I ſhuddered—All caution forſook me—I drew my hand haſtily from him, with an exclamation of averſion.

He ſtarted up with fury, and, in a menacing voice, admoniſhed me not to provoke him too far.

'The worſt you can do,' ſaid I, 'wretch, cannot ſurpaſs your perfidy to my mother.'

He left the room quite furious.

Madame la Brune entered.—She had overheard all that paſſed.—She lamented the danger I was in, and blamed my raſhneſs.

'To ſcreen myſelf from danger,' ſaid I, 'would you have me plunge into guilt and infamy?'

She burſt into tears, and remained ſilent.

I was ſorry for the uneaſineſs I gave this good-natured woman, and ſaid every thing I could think of that could be ſoothing to her.

Vilotte, the dancing-maſter, called on me a few days after this ſcene. He

ſeemed greatly agitated. He informed me, 'that he had juſt learned that an accuſation was to be brought againſt me; that he underſtood it originated in the count. He adviſed me to deſtroy any letters I might have from my huſband, or any paper whatever, that would ſtrengthen ſuſpicion of my correſponding with emigrants.'—He added, 'that I was to be arreſted the following day, and confined in a houſe belonging to a creature of the count, where I would be entirely in his power.'

This laſt circumſtance terrified me more than all the reſt. I propoſed leaving my lodgings directly, and trying to find refuge and concealment in the houſe of a poor woman, whoſe diſtreſſes I had occaſionally relieved, and with whom I was not known to be acquainted.

Vilotte approved of this; but deſired me to delay till the duſk of the evening, when he would himſelf conduct me; and, in the mean while, begged that I would take the precaution he had mentioned.

When I informed madame la Brune of this, ſhe ſhowed the ſtrongeſt marks of ſorrow, and, afterward, of indignation; ſhe poured forth execrations againſt the count: at laſt, after a minute's pauſe, ſhe ſaid, 'Perhaps I may ſtill be able to ſave you from the power of this villain.' She ordered a coach to be called, aſſured me that ſhe would return in a ſhort time, and hurried into it without farther explanation.

I had no paper that could be thought dangerous, but ſeveral that I did not wiſh theſe wretches to peruſe: theſe I immediately threw into the fire, and then employed myſelf in packing up what neceſſaries could be conveniently carried to the houſe where I intended to go.

Madame la Brune returned two hours before the time when I expected Vilotte.—I heard her ſinging a gay air as ſhe came up ſtairs. She knew the ſtate of anxiety in which I was, and wiſhed to announce to me, as ſoon as poſſible, that there was nothing alarming in the news ſhe brought. As ſhe opened the door of my room—'You have nothing to fear, my dear madam,' cried ſhe; 'you may remain here in perfect ſecurity.'

She then informed me, that 'ſhe had been with her friend and protector of the military committee; had related to him my ſtory, which he was in part previouſly acquainted with, and had fully convinced him of the count's intention to gratify private malice and revenge, under the pretext of public zeal; that while ſhe was enforcing this with all the warmth which her regard for me prompted, a ſervant had entered, and informed him that Collot d'Herbois waited in another room; that her friend had directly withdrawn, deſiring her to wait his return; that, when he did return, he had aſſured her that he had taken effectual meaſures for my ſafety, deſiring her to inform me that I was in no danger of being arreſted, and had nothing to dread from the enmity of the count.'

'When Vilotte arrived, I informed him of theſe circumſtances, at which he expreſſed great ſatisfaction, ſaying, 'that though he had not the honour of knowing the deputy in queſtion, he was well acquainted with his high reputation; and that the aſſurances he had given madame la Brune were completely to be relied upon.'

I remained, accordingly, at her houſe, undiſturbed by fear of being arreſted, or by any more viſits from the count.

I afterward came to the knowledge of the means by which my ſecurity was obtained.

The count had cultivated an intimacy with St. Juſte, a member of the convention, and a great favourite of Robeſpierre. He was a young man of great intrepidity and conſiderable talents. After having ſaid that he was a favourite of Robeſpierre, it is unneceſſary to add that this St. Juſte was a moſt conſummate villain.

He had recommended citizen R— (for that was the name the count had aſſumed) in ſo particular a manner, that *he* alſo was conſidered, at this time, as a kind of favourite of Robeſpierre. The count was ſo vain of this honour, that he neglected his old friend, Collot d'Herbois; and a coldneſs had taken place between them. The latter was piqued at the count's neglect; and he harboured beſide ſome degree of jealouſy, on account of his growing favour with the dictator. This was the ſtate of Collot d'Herbois' mind when he called on madame la Brune's friend, as has been mentioned. The latter was acquainted with the count's ancient intimacy with Collot d'Herbois, but knew nothing of the new coldneſs. D'Herbois' buſineſs was to requeſt a ſituation for a relation of his, who was an engineer. Immediately after granting this requeſt, madame la Brune's friend told the other that the count had conceived ill-will againſt an unfortunate woman, in whom he was intereſted, had a plan for having her arreſted and confined, on pretences that were unfounded, and begged, as he himſelf was unacquainted with the count, that d'Herbois would prevail on him to drop all thoughts of that nature.

'You may depend upon it,' ſaid d'Herbois, 'that it ſhall be done—I'll go to him immediately.'

'You are ſure of perſuading him? for I am a good deal intereſted in the buſineſs,' reſumed the other.

'Abſolutely ſure,' replied d'Herbois.

He immediately waited on the count, told him he was ſorry to underſtand that he had intentions of accuſing me, and deſired he would give up all thoughts of it, and leave me in tranquillity.

The count expreſſed ſurpriſe at his interference, ſaid there was great ground for the accuſation, and refuſed to comply with his requeſt.

Collot d'Herbois ſaid, with an air of menace, 'I would adviſe you not to puſh that matter any farther.'

The count, with heat, told him, 'that he would mention it to Robeſpierre himſelf that very day:' adding, 'How will you anſwer to him for interfering in favour of a perſon under ſuch a load of ſuſpicion as that lady is?'

'How will you anſwer to him,' replied d'Herbois, 'for the letter you wrote to Danton a little before his arreſt and execution?'

'That letter was burnt,' replied the count.

'When I told you ſo,' rejoined Collot d'Herbois, with an ironical grin, 'I did not recollect that I had, *from mere abſence of mind*, ſlipped it into my pocket inſtead of the fire: I was ſurpriſed, therefore, to find it among my papers this morning.'

The face of the count, red-hot with rage the inſtant before, became cold and pale at this annunciation; he perceived that his life was in the power of a man he had neglected and braved, and with whoſe vindictive temper he was well acquainted. This reflection, after he had ſtood a moment motionleſs, began to ſhake his whole frame: when he attempted to ſpeak, his teeth chattered in ſuch a manner that he could not articulate a ſyllable.

After having for ſome time enjoyed his terror, 'I ſee,' ſaid Collot d'Herbois, 'that you are a little diſcompoſed at this intelligence; you may reſt aſſured, however, that *your friend* Robeſpierre ſhall not ſee your kind epiſtle to *his friend* Danton, until *I* hear that the lady in queſtion is arreſted, or that you make ſome attempt to diſturb her.'

When the count had recovered himſelf, he aſſured d'Herbois 'that he might have obtained what he required of him by a ſingle word; but that he had been impelled to affect reluctance merely by the abrupt and peremptory manner in which the requeſt had been made; that he muſt be ſenſible that there was no man on earth for whom he had ſo great an eſteem; that, as for the lady, ſhe might rely on never being diſturbed by him; that very

probably the reports he had heard of her corresponding with emigrants were falſe; and that, if ſo, he would be very happy to do her all the ſervice in his power; and that Collot d'Herbois might rely on his conducting himſelf in that buſineſs, as in every thing elſe, conformably to the friendſhip he had long felt for him.'

D'Herbois anſwered with declarations of friendſhip equally ſincere; but, in the ſpirit of his original profeſſion, as a buffoon, he could not refrain from embracing the count a little too much *à la pantalone*, which convinced the count that the other intended the reverſe of what he ſaid: that idea engroſſed his thoughts,—the guillotine was conſtantly before his eyes; and, as Robeſpierre was the perſon from whoſe immediate mandate he dreaded death, he thought of nothing, from that moment, but how to overturn his power; and, having diſcovered that ſome other of Robeſpierre's old friends, wretches who had been his accomplices in ſo many murders, were, from a ſuſpicion of his intention to murder them alſo, now his enemies, the count joined in their plots.

Their conſpiracy was hurried into execution by the intemperance of Robeſpierre himſelf. This man had ſo long ſported with the lives of his countrymen, without meeting with reſiſtance, that he loſt all prudence or ſenſe of danger; and, after having been obeyed implicitly in the murder of many thouſands of innocent people, he loſt his own life by threatening that of a few execrable villains.

While the conteſt continued, the count kept aloof. As ſoon as it was known that Robeſpierre, Couthon, St. Juſte, and Henriot, were maſſacred, he appeared in the front rank of the victors, and was among the very loudeſt declaimers againſt the cruelties of Robeſpierre, whom he now repreſented as the greateſt monſter that ever the earth had produced. Barrére and Collot d'Herbois attempted to play the ſame game, but with leſs ſucceſs. Tallien unmaſked the firſt; and the count was indefatigable in his endeavours to ſend the ſecond to the ſcaffold. This man, however, who had deſerved the wheel in a thouſand inſtances, eſcaped with baniſhment.

A few days after Robeſpierre had been dragged expiring to the ſcaffold, amid the execrations of a multitude who worſhipped him two days before, I received a viſit from madame Cochon. In the days of Roland and the Girondiſts, this woman had always ſpoken of Robeſpierre as a madman: after their deſtruction ſhe acknowledged that ſhe had miſtaken his character, for ſhe then ſaw that he was a moſt diſintereſted patriot, and the only man in France who had ſufficient energy for conducting the republic though the rocks, quickſands, and hurricanes of the revolution. Madame Cochon thought herſelf wonderfully eloquent, and dealt much in hackneyed metaphor. At this viſit I found that ſhe had reſumed her original opinion of Robeſpierre, with the addition of his being the moſt miſchievous and cruel of madmen. With a view to acquire favour with thoſe who had deſtroyed him, and gain importance, ſhe gave out that the following memorandum was inſcribed in his pocket-book:—*Madame Cochon née Soupire. Guillotine.*

When ſhe repeated this aſſertion to me, in the preſence of madame la Brune, who was convinced of its falſehood, the latter could not help ſaying—'It is a great pity that the pocket-book, which does you ſo much honour, could never be found.'

'Ah!' cried madame Cochon, a little too haſtily, 'he burnt it before his execution.'

'It is wonderful, then,' replied madame la Brune, 'how you came to know that ſuch a memorandum had ever been in it.'

'It is by no means wonderful,' ſaid the incorrigible hypocrite, 'ſince Providence has ordained, that plans of murder, as well as murder itſelf,

are often brought to light in a miraculous manner; and I do assure you, my friend, that I was doomed to death by that monster Robespierre!' She said this in a doleful voice, and seemed ready to cry.

'*Let not the tear of sensibility tremble in your eye*,' rejoined madame la Brune: 'but recollect that it was the monster himself, and not you, that was guillotined.—Do not cry, my dear madam, your head is still upon your shoulders.'

I have observed, my dear miss Clifford, (continued the marchioness) that vain people are exceedingly blind to the ridicule they excite. This woman was a very great hypocrite; she had all the desire possible to deceive, but her vanity put it out of her power. It was obvious that madame la Brune sneered at her: yet she continued to flourish about her sensibility a considerable time before she touched on the real business for which she had come: at last, however, she spoke about the count.—'She was exceedingly sorry that any misunderstanding had taken place between him and me: to her knowledge he had the most sincere respect and friendship for me; wished to be of use to me; and then expatiated on the need that every one, particularly a young woman in my situation, had of protection;' and finished by saying 'that the count was intimately connected with those whose had overturned Robespierre; that he had been acquainted with all their plans, and was likely to continue in trust and favour with them: and, even on the supposition that they, like others, should be turned out of power (she added) that he possessed such address, and such an accommodating versatility of conduct, that she knew no man who stood a fairer chance of acquiring the favour of their successors, however opposite their system might be to the measures he now supported; that the friendship and protection of such a man was of great advantage at any time, but particularly at the present moment.'

Having urged those considerations at some length, she took her leave, in the hopes, no doubt, that they would have the effect she intended. She assured me, as she was going, that she would have the pleasure of waiting on me again very soon.

I afterward was informed, on better authority than madame Cochon's, that the count really was in considerable credit with those in power, but that madame la Brune's friend was under confinement. On this, my dread of being persecuted by the malice, or, what I dreaded still more, by the love of the count, returned in full force.

[To be concluded in our next.]

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

'They'll find i' the physiognomies
O' th' planets all mens destinies.' HUDIBRAS.

THE following appears to us a more rational and succinct account of the science of physiognomy, than has yet appeared—a science which, though despised by some, and perhaps overrated by others, is too *natural* to mankind not to deserve attention.

It certainly occupied much of the attention of ancient philosophers, but since the revival of learning has been in a great degree disregarded. Till of late it has seldom in modern times been mentioned, except in conjunction with the exploded arts of magic, alchemy, and judicial astrology. Within the two last centuries, no doubt, the bounds of human knowledge have been greatly extended by means of the patient pursuit of fact and experiment, instead of the hasty adoption of conjecture and hypothesis. We have certainly discovered many of the ancient systems to be merely creatures of imagination. Perhaps, however,

in ſome inſtances, we have decided too rapidly, and rejected real knowledge, which we would have found it tedious and troubleſome to acquire. Such has been the fate of the ſcience of phyſiognomy; which certainly merits to be conſidered in a light very different from alchemy and thoſe other fanciful ſtudies with which it had accidentally been coupled. The work lately publiſhed by M. Lavater on the ſubject has indeed excited attention, and may perhaps tend to replace phyſiognomy in that rank in the circle of the ſciences to which it ſeems to be entitled.

It does not appear that the ancients extended the compaſs of phyſiognomy beyond *man*, or at leaſt animated nature. But the ſtudy of that art was revived in the middle ages, when miſled probably by the comprehenſiveneſs of the etymological meaning of the word, or incited by the prevalent taſte for the marvellous, thoſe who treated of the ſubject, ſtretched the range of their ſpeculation far beyond the ancient limits. The extenſion of the ſignification of the term was adopted univerſally by thoſe naturaliſts, who admitted the theory of ſignatures; and phyſiognomy came thus to mean, the knowledge of the internal properties of any corporeal exiſtence from the external appearance.

Boyle too adopts this extenſive ſignification, which indeed ſeems to have been at one time the uſual acceptation of the word, and is humorouſly alluded to in the two lines from Hudibras, prefixed to this paper. At preſent phyſiognomy ſeems to mean no more than 'knowledge of the moral character, and extent of intellectual powers of human beings, from their external appearance and manners.' In the Berlin Tranſactions for the years 1769 and 1770, there appears a long controverſial diſcuſſion on the ſubject of the definition of phyſiognomy, between M. Pernetty and M. le Cat, two modern authors of ſome note. Pernetty contends, that *all knowledge whatever* is phyſiognomy; Le Cat confines the ſubject to the *human face*. Neither ſeems to have hit the medium of truth. Soon after the celebrated book of Lavater appeared. He indeed defines phyſignomy to be, 'the art of diſcovering the *interior* of *man*, by means of his *exterior*:' but in different paſſages of his work, he evidently favours the extended ſignification of Pernetty.' This work gave occaſion to M. Formey's attack upon the ſcience itſelf, in the ſame Berlin Tranſactions for 1775. Formey ſtrenuouſly controverts the extent aſſigned by Lavater, to his favourite ſcience.

Before the era of Pythagoras, the Greeks had little or no ſcience, and of courſe could not be ſcientifical phyſiognomiſts. Phyſiognomy, however, was much cultivated in Egypt and India; and from theſe countries the ſage of Samos probably introduced the rudiments of this ſcience, as he did thoſe of many others, generally deemed more important, into Greece.

In the time of Socrates, it appears even to have been adopted as a profeſſion. Of this the well-known anecdote of the deciſion of Zopyrus, on the real character of Socrates himſelf, judging from his countenance, is ſufficient evidence. Plato mentions the ſubject; and by Ariſtotle it is formally treated of in a book allotted to the purpoſe.

It may be worth while to give a brief outline of Ariſtotle's ſentiments on this ſubject.

Phyſiognomy, he in ſubſtance obſerves, has been treated of in three ways: ſome philoſophers claſſed animals into *genera*, and aſcribed to each *genus* a certain mental diſpoſition, correſponding to their corporeal appearance. Others made a farther diſtinction of dividing the genera into ſpecies. Among men, for inſtance, they diſtinguiſhed the Thracians, the Scythians, the Egyptians, and whatever nations were ſtrikingly different in manners and habits, to whom accordingly they aſſigned the diſtinctive phyſiognomical characteriſtics. A third ſet of phyſiognomiſts judged of

the actions and manners of the individual, and preſumed that certain manners proceeded from certain diſpoſitions. But the method of treating the ſubject adopted by Ariſtotle himſelf was this: a peculiar form of body is invariably accompanied by a peculiar diſpoſition of mind: a human intellect is never found in the corporeal form of a beaſt. The mind and body reciprocally affect each other; thus, in intoxication and mania, the mind exhibits the affections of the body; and in fear, joy, &c. the body diſplays the affections of the mind.

From ſuch facts he argues, that when in man a particular bodily character appears which by prior experience and obſervation has been found uniformly accompanied by a certain mental indiſpoſition, with which therefore it muſt have been neceſſarily connected, we are intitled in all ſuch caſes to infer the diſpoſition from the appearance. Our obſervations, he conceives, may be drawn from other animals as well as from men; for as a lion poſſeſſes one bodily form and mental character, a hare another, the corporeal characteriſtics of the lion, ſuch as ſtrong hair, deep voice, large extremities, diſcernible in a human creature, denote the ſtrength and character of that noble animal; while the ſlender extremities, ſoft down, and other features of the hare, viſible in a man, betray the mental character of that puſillanimous creature.

Upon this principle, Ariſtotle treats of the corporeal features of man, and the correſpondent diſpoſitions, ſo far as obſerved: he illuſtrates them by the analogy juſt mentioned, and in ſome inſtances attempts to account for them by phyſiological reaſoning.

At the early period in which Ariſtotle wrote, his theory, plauſible certainly, and even probable, diſplays his uſual penetration, and a conſiderable degree of knowledge. He diſtinctly notices individual phyſiognomy, national phyſiognomy, and comparative phyſiognomy. The ſtate of knowledge in his time did not admit of a complete elucidation of his general principles; on that account his enumeration of particular obſervations and precepts is by no means ſo well founded or ſo accurate as his method of ſtudy. Even his ſtyle, conciſe and energetic, was inimical to the ſubject; which to be made clearly comprehenſible, muſt require frequently paraphraſes. Ariſtotle's performance, however, ſuch as it is, has been taken as the ground-work and model of every phyſiognomical treatiſe that has ſince appeared.

The imitators of this great man in the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth centuries, have even copied his language and manner, which are ſententious, indiſcriminate, and obſcure. His comparative phyſiognomy of men with beaſts has been frequently, though not univerſally adopted. Beſide his treatiſe expreſsly on the ſubject, many incidental obſervations on phyſiognomy will be found interſperſed through his other works, particularly in his hiſtory of animals.

Next after Ariſtotle, his diſciple and ſucceſſor Theophraſtus, would deſerve to be particularly mentioned as a writer on the ſubject in queſtion. His ethic characters, a ſingular and entertaining performance, compoſed at the age of ninety-nine, form a diſtinct treatiſe on a moſt important branch of phyſiognomy, the phyſiognomy of *manners*. The accuracy of obſervation and livelineſs of deſcription diſplayed in this work will preſerve it high in claſſical rank, while the ſcience of man and the prominent characteriſtics of human ſociety continue to be objects of attention.

Polemon of Athens, Adamantius the ſophiſt, and ſeveral others, wrote on the ſubject about the ſame period. In 1780, there was publiſhed a collection of all the Greek authors on phyſiognomy. From the number of theſe authors, it appears that the ſcience was much cultivated in Greece; but the profeſſors ſeem ſoon to have connected it with ſomething of the

marvellous. The novitiates of the Pythagorean ſchool were ſubjected to the phyſiognomic obſervation of their teachers, and it is probable the firſt phyſiognomiſts by profeſſion among the Greeks were of this ſect. They, too, to whom, from the nature of their doctrines and diſcipline, myſtery was familiar, were the firſt, it is likely, who expoſed the ſcience of phyſiognomy in Greece to diſgrace, by blending it with the art of divination.

From the period of which we have been treating, to the cloſe of the Roman republic, nothing worthy of remark occurs in the literary hiſtory of phyſiognomy. About the laſt mentioned era, however, and from thence to the decline of the empire under the later emperors, the ſcience appears to have been cultivated as an important branch of erudition, and aſſumed as a profeſſion by perſons who had acquired a ſuperior knowledge in it. In the works of Hippocrates and Galen, many phyſiognomical obſervations occur. Cicero appears to have been peculiarly attached to the ſcience. In his oration againſt Piſo, and in that in favour of Roſcius, the reader will at the ſame time perceive in what manner the orator employs phyſiognomy to his purpoſes, and find a curious inſtance of the ancient manner of oratorical abuſe. Many phyſiognomical remarks are to be found likewiſe in the writings of Salluſt, Suetonius, Seneca, Pliny, Aulus Gellius, Plutarch, and others.

That in the Roman empire the ſcience was practiſed as a profeſſion, ample evidence appears in the writings of the authors juſt mentioned. Suetonius, for inſtance, in his life of Titus, mentions that Narciſſus employed a *phyſiognomiſt* to examine the features of Britannicus, who predicted that Britannicus would not ſucceed, but that the empire would devolve on Titus. The ſcience of phyſiognomy ſhared the ſame fate with all others, when the Roman empire was overthrown by the northern barbarians. About the beginning of the ſixteenth century, it began to be again noticed. From that time, till the cloſe of the ſeventeenth, it was one of the moſt faſhionable ſtudies. Within that ſpace have appeared almoſt all the approved modern authors on the ſubject.

It has been unfortunate for phyſiognomy, that by many of theſe writers, it was held to be connected with doctrines of which the philoſophy of the preſent day would be aſhamed. With theſe doctrines it had almoſt ſunk into oblivion.

In every period of the hiſtory of literature, there may eaſily be marked a prevalence of particular ſtudies. In the early period, for inſtance, of Grecian literature, mythological morality claimed the chief attention of the philoſophers. In the more advanced ſtate of learning in Greece and Rome, *poetry*, *hiſtory*, and *oratory*, held the pre-eminence. Under the latter emperors, and for ſome time afterward, the hiſtory of *theological controverſies* occupied the greateſt part of the works of the learned. Next ſucceeded *metaphyſics*, and *metaphyſical theology*. Theſe gave place to *alchemy*, *magic*, *judicial aſtrology*, the doctrine of ſignatures and ſympathies, the myſtic, theoſophic, and Roſicrucian theology, with phyſiognomy. Such were the purſuits contemporary with the ſcience, which is the object of our preſent enquiry. It is no matter of ſurprize, that, ſo aſſociated, it ſhould have fallen into contempt. It is not unuſual for mankind haſtily to reject valuable opinions, when accidentally or artificially connected with others, which are abſurd and untenable. Of the truth of this remark, the hiſtory of theology, and the preſent tone of theological opinions in Europe, furniſh a pregnant example.

To phyſiognomy, and the exploded ſciences laſt mentioned, ſucceeded *claſſic philology*; which gave place to modern poetry and natural philoſophy; to which recently have been added the ſtudies of rational theology, chymiſtry, the philoſophy of hiſtory, the

hiſtory of man, and the ſcience of politics.

About the commencement of the eighteenth century, and thence forward, the occult ſciences, as they are termed, had declined very conſiderably in the eſtimation of the learned; and thoſe who treated of phyſiognomy forbore to diſgrace it by a connection with thoſe branches of ideal learning, with which formerly it had been invariably conjoined. In Britain, Dr. Gwither noticed it with approbation. His remarks are publiſhed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions; and Dr. Parſons choſe it for the ſubject of the Croonean lectures, publiſhed at firſt in the ſecond ſupplement to the 44th vol. of the Philoſophical Tranſactions, and afterward (1747) in a ſeparate treatiſe, entitled 'Human Phyſiognomy explained.' The obſervations, however, of theſe writers, as well as of Lanciſius, Haller, and Buffon, relate rather to the tranſient expreſſion of the paſſions than to the permanent features of the face and body. The well-known characters of Le Brun likewiſe are illuſtrative of the tranſient phyſiognomy, or, (as it is termed) pathognomy.

During the preſent century, although phyſiognomy has been now and then attended to, nothing of importance appeared on the ſubject, till the diſcuſſion already mentioned between Pernetty and Le Cat, in the Berlin Tranſactions. The ſentiments of theſe authors, in ſo far as relates to the *definition* of phyſiognomy, have been above noticed. Their eſſays are beſide employed in diſcuſſing the following queſtions; 1. Whether it would or would not be advantageous to ſociety, were the character, diſpoſition, and abilities, of each individual ſo marked in his appearance as to be diſcovered with certainty? 2. Whether, on the ſuppoſition, that by the higheſt poſſible proficiency in phyſiognomy, we could attain a knowledge in part only of the internal character, it would be advantageous to ſociety to cultivate the ſtudy, mankind being in general imperfect phyſiognomiſts?

No reaſoning *a priori* can poſſibly determine theſe queſtions. Time and experience alone muſt aſcertain the degree of influence which any particular acquiſition of knowledge would have on the manners and characters of mankind; but it is difficult to conceive how the *reſult* of any portion of knowledge, formerly unknown, and which mankind would be *permitted* to diſcover, could be any thing but beneficial.

Soon after this controverſy in the Berlin Tranſactions, appeared the great work of M. Lavater, dean of Zurich, which has excited no inconſiderable portion of attention in the literary world. Of this, we ſhall give an analyſis in our next.

E. B.

Further EXTRACTS *from an* EMBASSY *to the Kingdom of* AVA, *by* Michael Symes, *Eſq. Major in his Majeſty's 76th Regiment.*

SHOEMADOO, THE GREAT TEMPLE AT PEGUE.

THE object in Pegue that moſt attracts and moſt merits notice, is the noble edifice of Shoemadoo, or the Golden Supreme. This extraordinary pile of building is erected on a double terrace, one raiſed upon another: the lower and greater terrace is about ten feet above the natural level of the ground, forming an exact parallelogram: the upper and leſſer terrace is ſimilar in ſhape, and riſes about twenty feet above the lower terrace, or thirty above the level of the country. I judged a ſide of the lower terrace to be 1391 feet; of the upper, 684. The walls that ſuſtained the ſides of the terrace both upper and lower, are in a ruinous ſtate; they were formerly covered with plaſter, wrought into various figures; the area of the lower is ſtrewed with the fragments of ſmall decayed buildings, but

the upper is kept free from filth, and is in tolerably good order. There is reaſon to conclude, that this building and the fortreſs are coeval; as the earth of which the terraces are compoſed, appears to have been taken from the ditch; there being no other excavation in the city, or in its neighbourhood, that could have afforded a tenth part of the quantity.

The terraces are aſcended by flights of ſtone ſteps, which are now broken and neglected; on each ſide are dwellings of the Rhahaans, raiſed on timbers four or five feet from the ground; theſe houſes conſiſt only of a large hall; the wooden pillars that ſupport them are turned with neatneſs; the roofs are covered with tiles, and the ſides are made of boards; there are a number of bare benches in every houſe, on which the Rhahaans ſleep: we ſaw no other furniture.

Shoemadoo is a pyramidical building, compoſed of brick and mortar, without excavation or aperture of any ſort; octagonal at the baſe, and ſpiral at top; each ſide of the baſe meaſures 162 feet; this immenſe breadth diminiſhes abruptly, and a ſimilar building has not unaptly been compared in ſhape to a large ſpeaking-trumpet.

Six feet from the ground there is a wide projection that ſurrounds the baſe, on the plane of which are fifty-ſeven ſmall ſpires of equal ſize, and equidiſtant; one of them meaſured twenty-ſeven feet in height, and forty in circumference at the bottom. On a higher ledge there is another row, conſiſting of fifty-three ſpires of ſimilar ſhape and meaſurement.

A great variety of mouldings encircle the building, and ornaments ſomewhat reſembling the *fleur-de-lys* ſurround the lower part of the ſpire: circular mouldings likewiſe girt it to a conſiderable height, above which there are ornaments in ſtucco, not unlike the leaves of a Corinthian capital; and the whole is crowned by a *Tee*, or umbrella, of open iron-work, from which riſes a rod with a gilded pennant.

The tee, or umbrella, is to be ſeen on every ſacred building that is of a ſpiral form: the raiſing and conſecration of this laſt and indiſpenſable appendage, is an act of high religious ſolemnity, and a ſeaſon of feſtivity and relaxation. The preſent king beſtowed the tee that covers Shoemadoo. It was made at the capital: many of the principal nobility came down from Ummerapoora to be preſent at the ceremony of its elevation.

The circumference of the tee is fifty-ſix feet; it reſts on an iron axis fixed in the building, and is farther ſecured by large chains ſtrongly rivetted to the ſpire. Round the lower rim of the tee are appended a number of bells, which, agitated by the wind, make a continual jingling.

The tee is gilt, and it is ſaid to be the intention of the king to gild the whole of the ſpire. All the leſſer pagodas are ornamented with proportionable umbrellas of ſimilar workmanſhip, which are likewiſe encircled by ſmall bells.

The extreme height of the edifice, from the level of the country, is 361 feet, and above the interior terrace, 331 feet.

On the ſouth-eaſt angle of the upper terrace there are two handſome ſaloons, or kioums, lately erected, the roofs compoſed of different ſtages, ſupported by pillars; we judged the length of each to be about ſixty feet, and the breadth thirty; the ceiling of one is already embelliſhed with gold leaf, and the pillars are lackered; the decoration of the other is not yet completed. They are made entirely of wood; the carving on the outſide is laborious and minute: we ſaw ſeveral unfiniſhed figures of animals and men in groteſque attitudes, which were deſigned as ornaments for different parts of the building. Some images of Gaudma, the ſupreme object of Birman adoration, lay ſcattered around.

At each angle of the interior and higher terrace, there is a temple ſixty-ſeven feet high, reſembling, in miniature, the great temple: in front of that, in the ſouth-weſt corner, are four

gigantic repreſentations, in maſonry, of Palloo, or the evil genius, half beaſt, half human, ſeated on their hams, each with a large club on the right ſhoulder. The Pundit, who accompanied me, ſaid that they reſembled the Rakuſs of the Hindoos. Theſe are guardians of the temple.

Nearly in the centre of the eaſt face of the area are two human figures in ſtucco, beneath a gilded umbrella; one ſtanding, repreſents a man with a book before him, and a pen in his hand; he is called Thaſiamee, the recorder of mortal merits and mortal miſdeeds; the other, a female figure kneeling, is Manaſumdera, the protrectreſs of the univerſe, ſo long as the univerſe is doomed to laſt; but when the time of general diſſolution arrives, by her hand the world is to be overwhelmed and everlaſtingly deſtroyed.

A ſmall brick building near the north-eaſt angle contains an upright marble ſlab, four feet high, and three feet wide; there is a long legible inſcription on it. I was told it was an account of the donations of pilgrims of only a recent date.

Along the whole extent of the north face of the upper terrace, there is a wooden ſhed for the convenience of devotees who come from a diſtant part of the country. On the north ſide of the temple are three large bells of good workmanſhip, ſuſpended nigh the ground, between pillars; ſeveral deers' horns lie ſtrewed around; thoſe who come to pay their devotions firſt take up one of the horns, and ſtrike the bell three times, giving an alternate ſtroke to the ground: this act, I was told, is to announce to the ſpirit of Gaudma the approach of a ſupplicant. There are ſeveral low benches near the foot of the temple, on which the perſon who comes to pray, places his offering, commonly conſiſting of boiled rice, a plate of ſweetmeats, or cocoa-nut fried in oil; when it is given, the devotee cares not what becomes of it; the crows and wild dogs often devour it in preſence of the donor, who never attempts to diſturb the animals. I ſaw ſeveral plates of victuals diſpoſed of in this manner, and underſtood it was the caſe with all that was brought.

There are many ſmall temples on the areas of both terraces, which are neglected, and ſuffered to fall into decay. Numberleſs images of Gaudma lie indiſcriminately ſcattered. A pious Birman, who purchaſes an idol, firſt procures the ceremony of conſecration to be performed by the Rhahaans; he then takes his purchaſe to whatever ſacred building is moſt convenient, and there places it within the ſhelter of a kioum, or on the open ground before the temple; nor does he ever again ſeem to have any anxiety about its preſervation, but leaves the divinity to ſhift for itſelf. Some of thoſe idols are made of marble that is found in the neighbourhood of the capital of the Birman dominions, and admits of a very fine poliſh; many are formed of wood, and gilded, and a few are of ſilver; the latter, however, are not uſually expoſed and neglected like the others. Silver and gold is rarely uſed, except in the compoſition of houſehold gods.

On both the terraces are a number of white cylindrical flags, raiſed on bamboo poles; theſe flags are peculiar to the Rhahaans, and are conſidered as emblematic of purity, and of their ſacred function. On the top of the ſtaff there is a henza, or gooſe, the ſymbol both of the Birman and Pegue nations.

From the upper projection that ſurrounds the baſe of Shoemadoo, the proſpect of the circumjacent country is extenſive and picturesque; but it is a proſpect of nature in her rudeſt ſtate; there are few inhabitants, and ſcarcely any cultivation. The hills of Martaban riſe to the eaſtward, and the Sitang river, winding along the plains, gives an interrupted view of its waters. To the north-weſt, about forty miles, are the Galladzet hill, whence the Pegue river takes its riſe; hills remarkable only for the noiſome effects of their atmoſphere. In every other direction

the eye looks over a boundleſs plain, checquered by a wild intermixture of wood and water.

Not being able to procure any ſatisfactory information reſpecting the antiquity of Shoemadoo, I paid a viſit to the Siredaw, or ſuperior Rhahaan of the country; his abode was ſituated in a ſhady grove of tamarind-trees, above five miles ſouth-eaſt of the city; every object ſeemed to correſpond with the years and dignity of the poſſeſſor. The trees were lofty; a bamboo railing protected his dwelling from the attack of wild beaſts: a neat reſervoir contained clear water, a little garden ſupplied roots, and his retreat was well ſtocked with fruit-trees; ſome young Rhahaans lived with him, and adminiſtered to his wants with pious reſpect. Though much emaciated, he ſeemed lively, and in full poſſeſſion of his mental faculties; he ſaid his age was eighty-ſeven. The Rhahaans, although ſubſiſting on charity, never ſolicit alms, or accept of money; I therefore preſented this venerable prelate of the order with a piece of cloth, which was repaid by a grateful benediction. He told me, that in the convulſions of the Pegue empire, moſt of their valuable records had been deſtroyed, but it was traditionally believed, that the temple of Shoemadoo was founded 2300 years ago, by two merchants, brothers, who came to Pegue from Tallowmeou, a diſtrict one day's journey eaſt of Martaban. Theſe pious traders at firſt raiſed a temple one Birmin cubit * in height; Sigeamee, or the ſpirit that preſides over the elements, and directs the thunder and lightning, in the ſpace of one night increaſed the ſize of the temple to two cubits; the merchants then added another cubit, which Sigeamee doubled in the ſame ſhort time; the building thus attained the magnitude of twelve cubits, when the merchants deſiſted; that the temple was afterward gradually increaſed by ſucceſſive monarchs of Pegue, the regiſters of whoſe names, with the amount of their contributions, had been loſt in the general ruin; nor could he inform me of any authentic archives that eſcaped the wreck.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS — CONVENTS OF THE RHAHAANS.

The Birmins, like all the natives of the Eaſt, are fond of proceſſions; ſcarce a week paſſes that there is not a religious diſplay in Rangoon; either a funeral of ſome perſon who leaves ſufficient to defray the expence of a pompous public burning, or the ceremony of admitting youths into the convents of the Rhahaans; on the latter occaſion parents vie with each other, and ſpare no coſt: the principal charge conſiſts in entertainments, and the cuſtomary preſents to the Rhahaans. The age of induction is generally from eight to twelve years. When a boy is to be introduced into a convent, either as a temporary reſident, or with a view to future conſecration, his friends prepare their offerings of cloth, rice, preſerves, fruit, fans, cuſhions, mats, and houſehold utenſils. On an appointed day he parades the ſtreets, dreſſed in yellow, and mounted on a horſe richly capariſoned, led by two ſervants: a band of muſic goes before, and a party of Rhahaans encircle him: his male friends follow in a troop, and the females of their families bring up the rear, the latter carrying on their heads the offerings meant for the Rhahaans. Thus they proceed to the convent of which the novice is to become a member, where he is preſented in form to the ſenior of the brotherhood. This ceremony is repeated three times, and at each perambulation freſh preſents are to be provided.

The kioums, or convents, of the Rhahaans are different in their ſtructure from common houſes, and much reſemble the architecture of the Chineſe; they are made entirely of wood; the roof is compoſed of different ſtages, ſupported by ſtrong pillars; the inſide

* Twenty-two inches.

comprehends one large hall; the whole houſe is open at the ſides: ſome are curiouſly carved with various ſymbolic repreſentations of the divinity. There are no apartments for the private recreation of the Rhahaan; publicity is the prevailing ſyſtem of Birman conduct; they admit of no ſecrets either in church or ſtate.

From the many convents in the neighbourhood of Rangoon, the number of Rhahaans and Phonghis * muſt be very conſiderable; I was told it exceeded fifteen thouſand. This eſtimate muſt include thoſe in their novitiate. Like the Carmelites, they go barefooted, and have their heads cloſe ſhaven, on which they never wear any covering.

Yellow is the only colour worn by the prieſthood; they have a long looſe cloak, which they wrap round them ſo as to cover moſt part of the body: they profeſs celibacy, and abſtain from every ſenſual indulgence. The preſcribed puniſhment for a Rhahaan detected in an act of incontinence, is expulſion, and public diſgrace; the delinquent is ſeated on an aſs, and his face daubed with black paint, interſperſed with ſpots of white; he is thus led through the ſtreets, with a drum beating before him, and afterward turned out of the city: but ſuch inſtances of degradation are very rare. The juniors are reſtricted from wandering about licentiouſly, either by day or night. There is a prior in every convent, who has a diſcretionary power to grant permiſſion to go abroad.

The Rhahaans never dreſs their own victuals, holding it an abuſe of time to perform any of the common functions of life, which, ſo long as they occupy, muſt divert them from the abſtract contemplation of the divine eſſence. They receive the contributions of the laity, ready cooked, and prefer cold food to hot. At the dawn of the morning they begin to perambulate the town, to collect ſupplies for the day: each convent ſends forth a certain number of its members, who walk at a quick pace through the ſtreets, ſupporting with the right arm a blue lackered box, in which the donations are depoſited; theſe uſually conſiſt of boiled rice mixed with oil, dried and pickled fiſh, ſweetmeats, fruit, &c. During their walk they never caſt their eyes to the right or to the left, but keep them fixed on the ground; they do not ſtop to ſolicit, and ſeldom even look at the donors, who appear more deſirous to beſtow, than the others to receive. The Rhahaans eat but once a day, at the hour of noon. A much larger quantity of proviſion being commonly procured than ſuffices for the members of the convent, the ſurplus is diſpoſed of as charitably as it was given, to the needy ſtranger, or the poor ſcholars who daily attend them, to be inſtructed in letters, and taught their moral and religious duties.

In the various commotions of the empire, I never heard that the Rhahaans had taken any active ſhare, or publicly interfered in politics, or engaged in war: by this prudent conduct they excited no reſentment: the Birmans and Peguers profeſſing the ſame religion, who ever were conquerors, equally reſpected the miniſters of their faith.

VISIT FROM CHINESE DEPUTIES.

THE Chineſe miniſter ſent me a polite meſſage, expreſſing his regret, that he had it not in his power to viſit me in perſon, but that his two colleagues would wait on me whenever I ſhould be at leiſure to receive them; I returned my acknowledgments, and appointed the following day.

It is cuſtomary among nations eaſtward of Bengal, when a public deputation is ſent to a foreign court, to nominate three members, who conſtitute a council; although the preſident, or chief, of theſe is inveſted with all the power, and controuls the proceedings of the reſt, yet the diſtinction between

* The inferior order of prieſts, vulgarly called Tallapoins.

them is not ſo wide as to preclude the juniors from a high degree of conſequence being attached to their ſtations; and in caſe of the demiſe of the principal, the ſenior ſurvivor executes all diplomatic functions, thus wiſely guarding againſt any impediment which a caſualty might throw in the way of negociation.

The two junior members of the Chineſe deputation came at the appointed hour, accompanied by ſeven or eight attendants. There is no perſonage on earth ſo ſolemn and ceremonious as a Chineſe officer of ſtate; his dignity is preſerved by profound ſilence, unleſs when occaſion renders it neceſſary to exerciſe the faculty of ſpeech, which is always ſlow, monotonous, and dull; even gentlemen in the familiarity of private life, ſeldom depart from their gravity, or relax into a ſmile. On entering a room where there is company, good breeding is evinced by a modeſt but pertinacious refuſal to ſit down till the maſter of the houſe is firſt ſeated, which would be an equal violation of decorum on his part. This cuſtom, I was told, ſometimes produces a very ludicrous ſcene, and the gueſts are not unfrequently obliged to be dragged to their chairs, and placed in them almoſt by compulſion. My houſe being about to undergo ſome alteration, I had cauſed a ſuite of tents, which I had brought with me, to be pitched for our temporary accommodation; in theſe I made arrangements to receive my viſitors, who were exact to their time. On entering the door of the marquee they both made an abrupt ſtop, and reſiſted all ſolicitation to advance to chairs that had been prepared for them, until I ſhould firſt be ſeated. In this dilemma Dr. Buchanan, who had viſited China, adviſed me what was to be done; I immediately ſeized on the foremoſt, while the doctor himſelf grappled with the ſecond: thus we ſoon fixed them to their ſeats, both parties, during the ſtruggle, repeating Chin Chin, Chin Chin, the Chineſe term of ſalutation. The converſation was not at all lively or intereſting; for though I ſat between them, our words had to make a wide circuit before they reached each other's comprehenſion. I ſpoke in the language of Hindoſtan to a Muſſulman who underſtood Birman; he delivered it to a Birman who ſpoke Chineſe; this Birman gave it to the firſt official domeſtic, who repeated it to his maſter in the Chineſe tongue. Our wines, port, claret, and Madeira, all excellent of their kind, were ſerved up; theſe, however, were too cold for Chineſe palates; my viſitants did not ſeem to reliſh them; but when cherry-brandy was introduced, their approbation was manifeſted by the ſatisfaction with which each of them ſwallowed a large glaſs full of the liquor: they taſted our tea, and, before they departed, politely preſented me with ſome fans, two or three pieces of ſilk, two ſmall boxes of tea, and three bottles of ſhouchou, a very fiery ſpirit diſtilled from rice, of which the Chineſe are extremely fond. I returned the viſit on the following day, and was received with as much pomp and oſtentation as circumſtances would admit: in front of the houſe a ſilk enſign waved, on which was embroidered the imperial dragon of China, and at their gate were ſuſpended whips and chains, importing the power which the owner poſſeſſed to inflict corporal puniſhment. The two junior members met me at the threſhold of their habitation, apologized for the unavoidable abſence of the chief perſonage, and introduced me into a hall, the walls of which were concealed by ſcreens of ſilk, and the chairs covered with looſe pieces of ſatin. This interview was rendered more intereſting than the former, by a ſpontaneous queſtion on the part of the ſenior Chineſe, to know whether I had heard of the ſafe arrival of lord Macartney in England. His lordſhip having left China only the preceeding year, it was not poſſible to have had accounts of his reaching England, and the iſſue of his lordſhip's negociations was at that time wholly unknown; conſequently, being unacquainted both

with the objects and event of that ſplendid miſſion, I felt myſelf rather on delicate ground in regard to the inquiries which I, on my part, wiſhed to make. In order to draw ſome concluſion from their diſcourſe, I encouraged them to purſue the topic, by aſking how his lordſhip's health had borne the viciſſitudes of climate; they replied, that they only knew of the embaſſy from report, and ſeemed reluctant to enter into particulars, with which, it is probable, they were entirely unacquainted; I did not, therefore, preſs the ſubject further; but I was not ſuffered to remain long in doubt what their ſentiments were. Chineſe vanity ſcarcely yields to that of the Birmans; here was an opportunity, by exaggeration and miſrepreſentation, of indulging their own pride at the expence of the Engliſh nation, which, in the accounts circulated by them at Ummerapoora reſpecting the embaſſy to China, they did not neglect. They treated us with tea and ſweetmeats, and ſmoked their long pipes with unrelaxed ſolemnity. I repaid their civilities by giving them ſome broad-cloth and brandy, and took my leave.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DRYDEN.

[From Mr. Malone's new Edition of the Critical and Miſcellaneous Works of that eminent Poet.]

To Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester.

My Lord, Auguſt 1683.

I KNOW not whether my lord Sunderland has interceded with your lordſhip for half a yeare of my ſalary; but I have two other advocates, my extreme wants, even almoſt to arreſting, and my ill health, which cannot be repaired without immediately retiring into the country. A quarter's allowance is but the Jeſuites' powder to my diſeaſe; the hit will return a fortnight hence. If I durſt, I would plead a little merit, and ſome hazards of my life from the common enemyes; my refuſeing advantages offered by them, and neglecting my beneficiall ſtudyes, for the king's ſervice: but I only thinke I merit not to ſterve. I never apply'd myſelfe to any intereſt contrary to your lordſhip's; and on ſome occaſions, perhaps not known to you, have not been unſerviceable to the memory and reputation of my lord, your father. After this, my lord, my conſcience aſſures me I may write boldly, though I cannot ſpeak to you. I have three ſonns, growing to man's eſtate; I breed them all up to learning, beyond my fortune; but they are too hopeful to be neglected, though I want. Be pleaſed to looke on me with an eye of compaſſion: ſome ſmall employment would render my condition eaſy. The king is not unſatisfied of me; the duke has often promiſed me his aſſiſtance; and your lordſhip is the conduit through which their favours paſſe: either in the cuſtomes, or the appeals of the exciſe, or ſome other way, meanes cannot be wanting, if you pleaſe to have the will. 'Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley, and ſterv'd Mr. Butler; but neither of them had the happineſs to live till your lordſhip's miniſtry. In the meane time, be pleaſed to give me a gracious and ſpeedy anſwer to my preſent requeſt of haife a yeare's penſion for my neceſſitys. I am going to write ſomewhat by his majeſty's command, and cannot ſtirr into the country for my health and ſtudies, till I ſecure my family from want. You have many petitions of this nature, and cannot ſatisfy all: but I hope, from your goodneſs, to be made an exception to your general rules, becauſe I am, with all ſincerity, your lordſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

John Dryden.

[The following is a letter from Jacob Tonſon, Dryden's bookſeller,

and exhibits ſuch an inſtance of bargaining for poetry, as neither authors nor bookſellers in our days are much acquainted with. It is a real curioſity. We have rectified the miſpellings in this letter, and omitted the abbreviations, to render it more eaſily read.]

Probably written in January or
SIR, February 1692-3.

I HAVE here returned the Ovid, which I read with a great deal of pleaſure, and think nothing can be more entertaining; but by this letter you find I am not ſo well ſatisfied as perhaps you might think. I hope at the ſame time, the matter of fact I lay down in this letter will appear grounds for it, and which I beg you would conſider of; and then I believe I ſhall at leaſt be excuſed.

You may pleaſe, ſir, to remember, that upon my firſt propoſal about the Third Miſcellany, I offered fifty pounds, and talked of ſeveral authors, without naming Ovid. You aſked if it ſhould not be guineas, and ſaid I ſhould not repent it: upon which I immediately complied, and left it wholly to you what, and for the quantity too: and I declare it was the fartheſt in the world from my thoughts, that by leaving it to you I ſhould have the leſs. Thus the caſe ſtood, when you went into Eſſex. After I came out of Northamptonſhire, I wrote to you, and received a letter dated Monday, Oct. 3, 92, from which letter I now write word for word what follows.

'I am tranſlating about ſix hundred lines, or ſomewhat leſs, of the firſt book of the Metamorphoſes. If I cannot get my price, which ſhall be twenty guineas, I will tranſlate the whole book; which coming out before the whole tranſlation will ſpoil Tate's undertakings. 'Tis one of the beſt I ever made, and very pleaſant. This, with Hero and Leander, and the piece of Homer, (or, if it be not enough, I will add more) will make a good part of a miſcellany.'

Thoſe, ſir, are the very words, and the only ones in that letter relating to that affair; and the Monday following, you came to town. After your arrival, you ſhewed Mr. Motteaux what you had done (which he told me was to the end of the ſtory of Daphne) and demanded, as you mentioned in your letter, twenty guineas, which that bookſeller refuſed. Now, ſir, I the rather believe there was juſt ſo much done, by reaſon the number of lines you mention in your letter, agrees with the quantity of lines that ſo much of the firſt book makes; which upon counting the Ovid I find to be in Latin 566, in the Engliſh 759; and the bookſeller told me there was no more demanded of him for it.—Now, ſir, what I entreat you would pleaſe to conſider of is this: that it is reaſonable for me to expect at leaſt as much favour from you as a ſtrange bookſeller; and I will never believe that it can be in your nature to uſe one the worſe for leaving it to you; and if the matter of fact as I ſtate it be true, (and upon my word what I mention I can ſhew you in your letter) then pray, ſir, conſider how much dearer I pay than you offered it to the other bookſeller. for he might have had to the end of the ſtory of Daphne for twenty guineas, which is in your tranſlation - - 759 lines.

And then ſuppoſe twenty guineas more for the ſame number - - - 759

That makes for 40 guineas 1518 lines.

and all that I have for fifty guineas are *but* 1446; ſo that, if I have no more, I pay ten guineas above forty, and have 72 lines leſs for fifty, in proportion, than the other bookſeller ſhould have had for forty, at the rate you offered him the firſt part. This is, ſir, what I ſhall take as a great favour if you pleaſe to think of. I had intentions of letting you know this before; but till I had paid the money, I would not aſk to ſee the book, nor count the lines, leaſt it ſhould look

like a deſign of not keeping my word. When you have looked over the reſt of what you have already tranſlated, I deſire you would ſend it; and I own that if you don't think fit to add ſomething more, I muſt ſubmit; 'tis wholly at your choice, for I left it entirely to you; but I believe you cannot imagine I expected ſo little: for you were pleaſed to uſe me much kindlier in Juvenal, which is not reckoned ſo eaſy to tranſlate as Ovid. Sir, I humbly beg your pardon for this long letter, and upon my word I had rather have your good will than any man's alive; and whatever you are pleaſed to do, will always acknowledge myſelf, ſir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,
J. Tonson.

To Mr. John Dennis.

Probably, March 1693-4.

My dear Mr. Dennis,

When I read a letter ſo full of my commendations as your laſt, I cannot but conſider you as the maſter of a vaſt treaſure, who having more than enough for yourſelf, are forced to ebb out upon your friends. You have indeed the beſt right to give them, ſince you have them in propriety: but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the light of the moon can be allowed to be her own, who ſhines but by the reflexion of her brother. Your own poetry is a more powerful example, to prove that the modern writers may enter into compariſon with the ancients, than any which Perrault could produce in France; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better critic, can perſuade me, that there is any room left for a ſolid commendation at this time of day, at leaſt for me.

If I undertake the tranſlation of Virgil, the little which I can perform will ſhow at leaſt, that no man is fit to write after him, in a barbarous tongue. Neither will his machines be of any ſervice to a Chriſtian poet. We ſee how ineffectually they have been tried by Taſſo, and by Arioſto. 'Tis uſing them too dully, if we only make devils of his gods; as if, for example, I would raiſe a ſtorm, and make uſe of Æolus, with this only difference of calling him Prince of the air; what invention of mine would there be in this? or who would not ſee Virgil through me: only the ſame trick played over again by a bungling juggler? Boileau has well obſerved, that it is an eaſy matter in a Chriſtian poem, for God to bring the Devil to reaſon. I think I have given a better hint for new machines in my preface to Juvenal; where I have particularly recommended two ſubjects, one of king Arthur's conqueſt of the Saxons, and the other of the Black Prince in his conqueſt of Spain. But the Guardian Angels of monarchys and kingdoms, are not to be touched by every hand; a man muſt be deeply converſant in the platonic philoſophy, to deal with them; and therefore I may reaſonably expect that no poet of our age, will preſume to handle thoſe machines, for fear of diſcovering his own ignorance; or if he ſhould, he might perhaps be ungrateful enough not to own me for his benefactour.

After I have confeſſed thus much of our modern heroick poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. Rymer, that our Engliſh comedy is far beyond any thing of the ancients: and notwithſtanding our irregularities, ſo is our tragedy. Shakſpeare had a genius for it; and we know, in ſpite of Mr. Rymer, that genius alone is a greater virtue (if I may ſo call it) than all other qualifications put together. You ſee what ſucceſs this learned critic has found in the world, after his blaſpheming Shakſpeare. Almoſt all the faults which he has diſcovered are truly there; yet who will read Mr. Rymer, or not read Shakſpeare? For my own part, I reverence Mr. Rymer's learning, but I deteſt his ill-nature and his arrogance. I indeed, and ſuch as I, have reaſon to be afraid of him, but Shakſpeare has not.

There is another part of poetry, in which the Engliſh ſtand almoſt upon an equal foot with the ancients: and it is that which we call Pindarique, introduced, but not perfected, by our famous Mr Cowley: and of this, ſir, your are certainly one of the greateſt maſters. You have the ſublimity of ſenſe as well as ſound, and know how far the boldneſs of a poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of ode, and reduce it either to the ſame meaſures, which Pindar uſed, or give new meaſures of your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vaſt tract of land newly diſcovered: the ſoil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanured, overſtocked with inhabitants, but almoſt all ſavages, without laws, arts, arms, or policy.

I remember poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the verge of madneſs, yet made a ſober and a witty anſwer to a bad poet, who told him, 'It was an eaſie thing to write like a madman:' 'No,' ſaid he, 'it is very difficult to write like a madman, but it is an eaſy matter to write like a fool.' Otway and he are ſafe by death from all attacks, but we poor poets militant (to uſe Mr. Cowley's expreſſion) are at the mercy of wretched ſcribblers; and when they cannot faſten upon our verſes, they fall upon our morals, our principles of ſtate and religion. For my principles of religion, I will not juſtifie them to you; I know yours are far different. For the ſame reaſon I ſhall ſay nothing of my principles of ſtate. I believe you in yours follow the dictates of your reaſon, as I in mine do thoſe of my conſcience. If I thought myſelf in an error, I would retract it. I am ſure that I ſuffer for them; and Milton makes even the devil ſay, that no creature is in love with pain. For my morals betwixt man and man, I am not to be my own judge. I appeal to the world, if I have deceived or defrauded any man; and for my private converſation, they who ſee me every day can be the beſt witneſſes, whether or no it be blameleſs and inoffenſive. Hitherto I have no reaſon to complain that men of either party ſhun my company. I have never been an impudent beggar at the doors of noblemen; my viſits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable; and but juſt enough to teſtify my gratitude for their bounty, which I have frequently received, but always unaſked, as themſelves will witneſs.

I have written more than I needed to you on this ſubject; for I dare ſay you juſtifie me to yourſelf. As for that which I firſt intended for the principal ſubject of this letter, which is my friend's paſſion and his deſign of marriage, on better conſideration I have changed my mind: for having had the honour to ſee my dear friend Wycherly's letter to him on that occaſion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But as well as I love Mr. Wycherly, I confeſs I love myſelf ſo well, that I will not ſhew how much I am inferiour to him in wit and judgement, by undertaking any thing after him. There is Moſes and the Prophets in his council. Jupiter and Juno, as the poets tells us, made Tireſias their umpire in a certain merry diſpute, which fell out in heaven betwixt them. Tireſias, you know, had been of both ſexes, and therefore was a proper judge; our friend, Mr. Wycherly, is full as competent an arbitrator: he has been a batchelor, and marry'd man, and is and is now a widower. Virgil ſays of Ceneus:

——Nunc vir, nunc fœmina, Ceneus,
Rurſus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet I ſuppoſe he will not give any large commendations to his middle ſtate: nor, as the ſailor ſaid, will be fond of a ſhipwrack to put to ſea again. If my friend will adventure after this, I can but wiſh him a good wind, as being his, and, my dear Mr. Dennis, your moſt affectionate and moſt faithful ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

To Mr. Jacob Tonson.
Friday forenoon, February 1695-6.

Sir,

I receiv'd your letter very kindly, becaule indeed I expected none; but thought you as very a tradeſman as Bentley, who curſed our Virgil ſo heartily. I ſhall looſe enough by your bill upon Mr. Knight; for after having taken it all in ſilver, and not in half-crowns neither, but ſhillings and ſixpences, none of the money will go; for which reaſon I have ſent it all back again, and as the leſs loſs will receive it in guinneys at 29 nine ſhillings each. 'Tis troubleſome to be a loſer, but it was my own fault to accept it this way, which I did to avoyde more trouble.

I am not ſorry that you will not allow any thing towards the notes; for to make them good, wou'd have coſt me half a yeare's time at leaſt. Thoſe I write ſhall be only marginall, to help the unlearned, who underſtand not the poeticall fables. The Prefaces, as I intend them, will be ſomewhat more learned. It wou'd require ſeaven years to tranſlate Virgil exactly. But I promiſe you once more to do my beſt in the four remaining books, as I have hitherto done in the foregoing.—Upon triall I find *all of your trade are ſharpers*, and you not more than others; therefore I have not wholly left you. Mr. Aſton does not blame you for getting as good a bargain as you could, though I cou'd have gott an hundred pounds more; and you might have ſpared almoſt all your trouble, if you had thought fit to publiſh the propoſalls for the firſt ſubſcriptions; for I have guineas offer'd me every day, if there had been room: I believe, modeſtly ſpeaking, I have refus'd already 25. I miſlike nothing in your letter therefore, but onely your upbraiding me with the publique encouragement, and my own reputation concern'd in the notes; when I aſſure you I cou'd not make them to my mind in leſs than half a year's time. Get the firſt half of Virgil tranſcribed as ſoon as poſſibly you can; that I may put the notes to it; and you may have the other four books which lye ready for you, when you bring the former; that the preſs may ſtay as little as poſſibly it can. My lord Cheſterfield has been to viſite me, but I durſt ſay nothing of Virgil to him, for feare there ſhould be no void place for him: if there be, let me know; and tell me whether you have made room for the duke of Devonſhire. Haveing no ſilver by me, I deſire my lord Derby's money, deducting your own. And let it be good, if you deſire to oblige me, who am not your enemy and may be your friend,

John Dryden.

Let me heare from you as ſpeedily as you can.

To Mr. Jacob Tonson.
Mr. Tonson, Dec. 1697.

You were no ſooner gone, but I felt in my pocket, and found my lady Chudleigh's verſes; which this afternoon I gave Mr. Walſh, to read in the coffeehouſe. His opinion is the ſame with mine, that they are better than any which are printed before the book: ſo thinks alſo, Mr. Wycherly. I have them by me; but do not ſend them, till I hear from my lord Clifford whether my lady will put her name to them or not; therefore I deſire they may be printed laſt of all the copyes, and of all the book. I have alſo written this day to Mr. Chetwood, and let him know, that the book is immediately goeing to the preſs again. My opinion is, that the printer ſhou'd begin with the firſt paſtoral, and print on to the end of the Georgiques, or farther, if occaſion be, till Dr. Chetwood corrects his preface, which he writes me word is printed very falſe. You cannot take too much care of the printing this edition exactly after my amendments; for a fault of that nature will diſoblige me eternally.

I am glad to heare from all hands, that my Ode (for St. Cecilia's Day) is eſteem'd the beſt of all my poetry,

by all the town: I thought ſo myſelf when I writ it; but being old, I miſtruſted my own judgement. I hope it has done you ſervice, and will do more. You told me not, but the town ſays you are printing *Ovid de Arte Amandi*. I know my tranſlation is very uncorrect; but at the ſame time I know, nobody elſe can do it better, with all their paines. If there be any looſe papers left in the Virgil I gave you this morning, look for them, and ſend them back by my man: I miſs not any yet: but 'tis poſſible ſome may be left, becauſe I gave you the book in a hurry. I vow to God, if Everingham takes not care of this impreſſion, he ſhall never print any thing of mine hereafter: for I will write on, ſince I find I can.

I deſire you to make ſure of the three pounds of ſnuff, the ſame of which I had one pound from you. When you ſend it any morning, I will pay for it altogether. But this is not the buſineſs of this letter.—When you were heer, I intended to have ſent an anſwer to poor Charles (Dryden's ſon) his letter; but I had not then the letter which my chirurgeon promis'd me, of his advice, to prevent a rupture, which he fears. Now I have the ſurgeon's anſwer, which I have incloſed in my letter to my ſonn. This is a buſineſs of the greateſt conſequence in the world: for you know how I love Charles: and therefore I write to you with all the earneſtneſs of a father, that you will procure Mr. Francis to incloſe it in his packet this week: for a week loſt may be my ſonn's ruine; whom I intend to ſend for next ſummer, without his brother, as I have written him word: and if it pleaſe God that I muſt dye of overſtudy, I cannot ſpend my life better, than in ſaving his. I vallue not any price for a double letter: let me know it, and it ſhall be pay'd; for I dare not truſt it by the poſt; being ſatisfied by experience, that Ferrand will do by this, as he did by two letters, which I ſent my ſonns, about my dedicating to the King; of which they received neither. If you cannot go yourſelf, then ſend a note to ſignior Francia, as earneſtly as you can write it, to beg that it may go this day, I meane Friday. I need not tell you, how much herein you will oblige,

Your friend and ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO MRS. STEWARD.

MADAM, Nov. 23, 1698.

To take acknowledgements of favours for favours done you, is onely yours. I am always on the receiving hand; and you who have been pleaſed to be troubled ſo long with my bad company, inſtead of forgiving, which is all I could expect, will turn it to a kindneſs on my ſide. If your houſe be ſo often moleſted, you will have reaſon to be weary of it, before the ending of the year; and with Cotterſtock were planted in a deſart, an hundred miles off from any poet.—After I had loſt the happineſs of your company, I could expect no other than the loſs of my health, which follow'd, according to the proverb, that misfortunes ſeldome come alone. I had no woman to viſite but the parſons wife; and ſhe who was intended by nature as a help meet for a deaf huſband, was ſomewhat of the loudeſt for my converſation; and for other things. I will ſay no more than that ſhe is juſt your contrary, and an epitome of her own country. My journey to London was yet more unpleaſant than my abode at Tichmarſh; for the coach was crowded up with an old woman, fatter than any of my hoſteſſes upon the road. Her weight made the horſes travel very heavily; but, to give them a breathing time, ſhe would often ſtop us, and plead ſome neceſſity of nature, and tell us—we were all fleſh and blood: but ſhe did this ſo frequently, that at laſt we conſpir'd againſt her; and that ſhe might not be inconvenienced by ſtaying in the coach, turn'd her out in a very dirty place, where ſhe was to wade up to the ancles, before ſhe could reach the next hedge. When I was ridd of her,

I came ſick home, and kept my houſe for three weeks together; but by advice of my doctour, taking twice the bitter draught, with ſena in it, and looſeing at leaſt twelve ounces of blood, by cupping on my neck, I am juſt well enough to go abroad in the afternoon; but am much afflicted that I have you a companion of my ſickneſs: though I 'ſcap'd with one cold fit of an ague, and yours, I feare, is an intermitting feavour. Since I heard nothing of your father, whom I left ill, I hope he is recover'd of his reall ſickneſs, and that your ſiſter is well of hers, which was only in imagination. My wife and ſonn return you their moſt humble ſervice, and I give mine to my couſin Steward. Madam, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

[On this letter, Mr. Malone has the following remarks. 'The reader who may here be diſpoſed to charge our author with indelicacy, ſhould conſider, that the manners of the laſt age were much groſſer, or, ſhall I ſay, *ſimpler*, than they are at preſent; and that even in the higheſt circles, and in the company of the moſt elegant women, many things were ſaid, without giving offence to the moſt faſtidious, which would now be thought indelicate and improper. When Shakſpeare wrote the ſcene between Hamlet and Ophelia, in which he has been accuſed of coarſeneſs and indelicacy, there are very good grounds for believing that he only made the Prince of Denmark talk to the daughter of Polonius in the ſame ſtyle in which his patron, lord Southampton, addreſſed the fair Mrs. Vernon, whom he married.]

MEMORABILIA OF MAY.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye ſoftering breezes, blow!
Ye ſoftening dews, ye tender ſhowers, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year!

THOMSON.

THE month of May has ever been the favourite month in the year for poetical deſcription, but the praiſes originally lavished upon it, were uttered in climates more ſouthern than our own. In ſuch it really unites all the ſoft beauties of ſpring, with the radiance of ſummer, and poſſeſſes warmth enough to cheer and invigorate, without overpowing. With us eſpecially, ſince we have reckoned by the new ſtyle, great part of the month is yet too chill for a perfect enjoyment of the charms of nature, and frequent injury is ſuſtained by the flowers and young fruits during its courſe, from blights and blaſting winds. The preſent ſeaſon may have perhaps afforded a pleaſing exception.

It was called *Maius*, by Romulus, in reſpect to the ſenators and nobles of his city, who were named *majores*; as the following month was called *Junius*, in honour of the youth of Rome, who ſerved him in the war; though ſome will have it to have been thus called from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, to whom they offered ſacrifice on the firſt day of it. The month of May has ever been eſteemed favourable to love; and yet the ancients, as well as many of the moderns, look on it as an unhappy month for marriage. The ancients, however, have left us no reaſon for this, and the moderns, probably from having none to aſſign, have nearly conquered their prejudices. It is more for our purpoſe to enquire into its events.

Of public tranſactions, the firſt that ſtrikes us, is the union between England and Scotland, which commenced on May 1, an event which the vicinity of the countries pointed out, al-

though the ſuppoſed relative intereſts of the two kingdoms had hitherto prevented it. Future recorders of ſuch affairs, will have to add to the memorabilia of this or the next month, another union, which, we truſt, will be equally proſperous, and which ſeems to be nearly brought to a concluſion.

The iſland of Jamaica was diſcovered in this month, by Columbus in 1495, and in the ſame month, at the diſtance of one hundred and ſixty years, the Engliſh landed and took poſſeſſion of it, and ſoon after the Barbadoes planters introduced the ſugar-cane, which has been the ſtaple commodity ever ſince, and has rendered the iſland a ſource of vaſt wealth to the Engliſh trader.

The arrival of king Charles II, at Dover, and his reſtoration, events of high importance in Engliſh hiſtory, both took place in May—a reſtoration, which was the more to be rejoiced in, as it was effected without diſturbance or bloodſhed, for the people had fairly outlived the republican prejudices, which had diſgraced the nation, and deluged the land with blood, without producing any advancement in the fancied liberty which was held forth. Of other events connected with Engliſh hiſtory, May was diſtinguiſhed for the memorable battles of Tewkſbury, Lewes, Hexham, St. Albans, Ramillies, and La Hogue. The battles alſo of Cannæ, of the Granicus, and of Prague, were fought in this month; and chronologers, by their calculations, have diſcovered, what perhaps ſeems leſs important, that it was May, that Pharaoh and his hoſt were drowned in the Red Sea.

Among the births in May, we recollect only thoſe of Addiſon, Pope, and Aſhmole, the celebrated antiquary. Of Addiſon, it has been juſtly ſaid that he is entitled to a praiſe which it is not eaſy to exceed. He not only made the proper uſe of wit himſelf, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally ſubſervient to the cauſe of reaſon and truth. He diſſipated the prejudice that had long connected gayety with vice, and eaſineſs of manners with laxity of principles. He reſtored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be aſhamed. This is an elevation of literary character, 'above all Greek, above all Roman fame.' To dwell on the beauties of his Spectators, &c. would be endleſs panegyric. Pope, leſs amiable as a man, will be remembered as the firſt of poets, while the Engliſh language remains in its ſimplicity and purity, but it is not eaſy to ſay how long that will be, conſidering how much it is daily diſfigured by a barbarous jargon from modern European languages, particularly in poetry. Elias Aſhmole was a celebrated philoſopher and antiquary, and founder of the Muſeum, known by the name of the Aſhmolean, at Oxford. He imbibed the credulity of the times in ſome degree, and has left behind him a diary, a few minutes from which will probably entertain our readers, and ſhow what conſequence great men may affix to little things.

'December 11. Joan Morgan, my maid, died of the ſmallpox—May. About the beginning of May, my maid Eliſabeth Coley, fell ſick of the plague, but eſcaped. October 12. My wife quickened. September 1. I was very much troubled with my eye for a week. 16. Mrs. Henchman died, my ſchoolmaſter's wife. December 22. I was invited by Mrs. March, to keep my Chriſtmas with her at Lime-houſe, which I did. February 10. A boil broke out of my throat, under my right ear. Auguſt 9. I took a purge which wrought very well, and mended. July 29. Much troubled with the tooth-ach on my right ſide. January 28. This night my maid's bed was on fire, but I roſe quickly (and thanks to God) quenched it. April 11. I took, early in the morning, a good doſe of elixir, and hung three ſpiders about my neck, and they drove my ague away! Aug. 4. I rubbed the ſkin near my rump, whereupon it began to be very ſore.

8. I purged. 9. I took leeches. 10. I purged again. 12. I applied a plaiſter to it. 15. Mr. Agur applied a balſam, &c. &c.

Among the deaths recorded in May, we have the names of ſeveral illuſtrious perſons, important in hiſtory, who were ſacrificed to the political fury of their day. Among theſe was the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, wife to Henry VIII, whom he put to death upon a ridiculous charge. Thomas, earl of Strafford, a victim to the populace in the time of Charles I, but after the reſtoration, the bill of attainder was reverſed, as a ſtain upon the juſtice of the nation. His letters are *chef-d'œuvres* of ſenſe, of nervous and pathetic eloquence. Lord Orford ſays he mentions him among the royal and noble authors, on occaſion of an elegy, with ſome affecting lines, ſaid to have been compoſed by him the night before his execution. It has been republiſhed in the collection of tracts, called Lord Sommers'; but in a ſubſequent volume, we are told that it was a fiction, avowed afterward by another perſon. Moſt probably, adds lord Orford, it was not genuine; that hero had other ways of venting his ſcorn than in ſonnetts and madrigals. When the lieutenant of the Tower offered him a coach, leſt he ſhould be torn to pieces by the mob in paſſing to execution; he replied, 'I die to pleaſe the people, and I will die their own way.' With ſuch ſtern indifference to his fate, he was not likely to debaſe his dignity by puerile expreſſions of it.

Henry IV of France, was alſo aſſaſſinated in this month, a monarch who, although he was beloved for his many virtues, and his very conciliating manners, could never be forgiven by the fanatics for his former attachment to the proteſtants, and almoſt every year produced ſome attempt on his life, one of which, to the misfortune of France, was too ſucceſsful. There is, perhaps, no prince recorded in hiſtory, of whom ſo many anecdotes are extant, as of Henry IV. Moſt of them tend to diſplay a ſingular livelineſs of character, with a goodneſs of heart, which endeared his memory to his countrymen in the ſtrongeſt manner, till they imbibed an indiſcriminating antipathy againſt all monarchs; but their preſent ſlaviſh and degraded ſtate, has revenged the cauſe of monarchy.—Cardinal Beaton, a man of a very different character, was alſo aſſaſſinated in this month by a band of conſpirators, who thought themſelves juſtified in revenging his cruelties. He was a man of great parts, but of boundleſs pride and ambition.—To this ſhort liſt, we may add Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans, whoſe heroic behaviour in reanimating the expiring valour of the French nation, though by the moſt ſuperſtitious means, pretending to be inſpired, deſerved a better fate. She was burnt by the Engliſh as a ſorcereſs, in May 1421, in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

Our liſt of illuſtrious deaths, by a natural progreſs, is more numerous. At the head of it we may place the very celebrated earl of Chatham, whoſe hiſtory and whoſe praiſes it would be unneceſſary to repeat.—Calvin, the reformer, and the author or founder of a ſect that has ever been numerous in Great Britain.—Copernicus, the aſtronomer, and author of the ſyſtem which goes by his name, a ſyſtem which was at firſt looked upon as a moſt dangerous hereſy, and his work had long been finiſhed and perfected, before he could be prevailed upon to give it to the world, although ſtrongly urged to it by his friends. At length, yielding to their entreaties, it was printed, and he had but juſt received a perfect copy, when he died at ſeventy years of age; by which it was probable he was happily relieved from the violent perſecutions of the church, which were but too likely to follow the publication of his aſtronomical opinions; and which, indeed, was afterward the fate of Galileo, for adopting and defending them.—Columbus, mentioned in a former paper, died in this month,

and his memory was honoured by a tomb in the cathedral at Seville.

Bochart, a learned French proteſtant, and Dr. Clarke, one of the moſt eminent Engliſh divines, are to be added to this liſt. He was a man of great natural, as well as acquired abilities. His works are ſtill read, although ſome of the controverſies which they occaſioned are forgot. It is to be regretted, however, that ſo able a champion for Chriſtianity ſhould have given up ſome of its eſſential doctrines.

In May, likewiſe, died the indefatigable author of the firſt Encyclopedia, publiſhed in Great Britain, Ephraim Chambers. He was put apprentice to Senex, the globe-maker, and ſome of the firſt articles of his great work were written behind the counter. In leſs than ten years after its publication, a ſecond edition became neceſſary, which accordingly was printed, with corrections and additions, in 1738. It having been intended, at firſt, to give a new work, inſtead of a new edition, Mr. Chambers had prepared a conſiderable part of the copy with that view, and more than twenty ſheets were actually printed off. The purpoſe of the proprietors, according to this plan, was to have publiſhed a volume in the winter of 1737, and to have proceeded annually in ſupplying an additional volume, till the whole was completed. But from this deſign they were diverted by a very ſingular circumſtance, by the alarm they took at an act then agitated in parliament, in which a clauſe was contained, obliging the publiſhers of all improved editions of books to print the improvements ſeparately. The bill, which carried in it the appearance of equity, but which, perhaps, might have created greater obſtructions to the cauſe of literature, than a tranſient view of it could ſuggeſt, actually paſſed the houſe of commons, but was rejected in the houſe of lords.

THE GLEANER.

NUMBER XXIII.

The world ſeems to have formed an univerſal conſpiracy againſt our underſtandings; our queſtions are ſuppoſed not to expect anſwers, our arguments are confuted with a jeſt, and we are treated like beings, who tranſgreſs the limits of our nature whenever we aſpire to ſerioufneſs or improvement.

JOHNSON.

To the AUTHOR of the GLEANER.

SIR,

FROM the quotation I have prefixed to this letter, you may ſuppoſe it comes from a female, and I hope the 'age of chivalry' is not ſo far gone as to render it neceſſary for me to beſeech you to inſert it, with more than common importunity, nor will I appeal to your impartiality upon the ſcore of its being a defence of my ſex, in a matter in which I conceive they have not been fairly repreſented. I commit what follows, therefore, to your diſcretion, in full confidence that if it merits a place, neither the ſubject, nor the lame and feeble manner in which I handle it, will be any obſtruction.

A controverſy has lately been revived (for it is by no means a new one) reſpecting the propriety and utility of learning in the female ſex, and it has, I think, been in general determined againſt us. The reaſon of this appears to be, the improper uſe that ſome diſtinguiſhed ladies have made of their learning. This, without going deeply into the controverſy, ſeems to be a juſt outline of it, and in conſequence of this verdict, inſtead of deriving much ſupport from the queſtion being agitated, a learned lady is not only conſidered in as bad a light as before, but perhaps in a worſe.

Had the queſtion, Mr. Gleaner, been whether miſs A. or Mrs. B. or

Mrs. C. were to be regarded as examples of the uſefulneſs of learning in women, I ſhould not have for a moment doubted that the controverſy was juſtly decided, from their conduct, that is, the conduct of three or four ladies, who may be deſignated by initials, has been in all reſpects ſo culpable as to make them the ſhame and reproach of their ſex—Women who have made no other uſe of their natural or acquired talents than to refine upon vice, and put themſelves upon an equality with men, only by being as regardleſs of moral character, deſerve all the cenſure that has been beſtowed, and their conduct is in my opinion more defenceleſs, and their fate leſs to be pitied than the conduct and fate of the moſt unhappy ſtreet-walkers, who had not their ſenſe and opportunities. There is a mighty difference between a poor and unprotected female, who is deliberately ſeduced by another, and one who argues herſelf into the propriety of proſtitution by miſerable fallacies, extracted from French and German deiſts, or rather atheiſts.

But while I allow all this, I cannot allow that it bears upon the abſtract queſtion, the utility of learning to a woman. It is nothing more than the abuſe of natural talents and opportunities; and ſurely the abuſe of any thing, in itſelf good, can never be ſeriouſly offered as an argument againſt the uſe of it.

The queſtion appears to me to have been treated in a more fair manner, by an author who wrote nearly a century ago, but who, as far as I know, has not been quoted on the preſent occaſion. Some of his arguments, however, I ſhall make uſe of, and enlarge upon, becauſe I think them better adapted to the preſent ſtate of ſociety, than probably they were in the days of queen Anne, when he wrote.

The firſt argument he uſes to prove that 'learning ſeems *more* adapted to the female world, than to the male,' is, 'becauſe they have more ſpare time upon their hands, and lead a more ſedentary life.' This, in my humble opinion, as far as *time* is concerned, and, ſurely it is a moſt important conſideration, is deciſive. The generality of women (I ſpeak not of the labouring poor) have a great deal of time on their hands, not only in the ſingle (for then their time is entirely their own) but even in moſt caſes in the married ſtate. Now the great reproach which the men bring againſt us, is, that we miſpend our time in idleneſs, viſits, balls, auctions, &c. Undoubtedly, time cannot be waſted more unprofitably. Why then might ſome part, at leaſt, of that time be employed in books, or in ſerious ſtudy? Why? Becauſe the men are frightened at the ſound of a learned lady, a name which they give to every woman who indulges a habit of reading. A *learned lady*, having loſt its original meaning, is a term of abhorrence, and a horrid bugbear. But I would fain pacify the alarms of ſuch gentlemen, by reminding them that it is poſſible to be a great reader without being ſo very learned, juſt as it is poſſible to be a great glutton, without the powers of digeſtion; yet, to continue the ſimile, let it be obſerved, that a great glutton, a man who eats too much, will live longer than a man who does not eat at all. It is alſo poſſible that a woman may derive great advantages from reading, without commencing a philoſopher; if her courſe of reading has been well choſen, ſhe will certainly lay up a ſtore of reflections and ſentiment and anecdote, which will render her a far more agreeable woman to a huſband, whether he be learned himſelf, or illiterate, than any of thoſe uninformed and neglected *inſipids*, who cannot exiſt without amuſement to kill time, and who are never eaſy at home, nor can make home comfortable, becauſe it has not the racket and variety of public places of entertainment.

Another objection to the learning of women is, that it may occupy the time neceſſary for family occupations,

and we are told that it is little to a woman's credit that ſhe can compoſe an eſſay, when ſhe does not know how to make a pudding. This objection again ſtill implies that the learning of a woman *muſt* of *inevitable neceſſity* occupy all her time. But why muſt we conclude thus? I profeſs myſelf to be ſo much of a contrary opinion, that I do not heſitate to ſay, that if a woman's learning has not taught her the true uſe and value, and diſtribution of time, in all her relative duties, it is but a diſguiſed ignorance, it is but that 'little learning,' which Mr. Pope ſays, is 'a dangerous thing.' I have at preſent in my eye an inſtance of one of our ſex, who is a bright example of domeſtic induſtry, as well as learning, and literary purſuit. This lady has publiſhed many large volumes of the moſt inſtructive kind, and which required in the compoſition no ſmall portion of learned reſearch; yet ſhe is the mother of ten children, and no family was perhaps ever ſo happily regulated in all its domeſtic arrangements. The time ſhe employed in her literary purſuits was generally borrowed from the morning, which enabled her to provide for each ſucceeding buſineſs of the day. When to all theſe labours, I add that ſhe was the founder and patroneſs of an extenſive eſtabliſhment of Sunday ſchools, perhaps many of my readers may gueſs at her name. I quote this inſtance, which I allow to be a very remarkable one, to prove that it is not *time* which is wanting, but a proper diſtribution of it.

It is alſo objected, that if a man marries a woman who knows more than himſelf, he muſt appear in an inferior light. Undoubtedly this is very poſſible. If a woman of ſenſe and reading ſhould happen to marry a blockhead, ſhe muſt appear to advantage by contraſt; but, beſide that ſuch unequal matches ought to be avoided, this argues that *all* men are not ſo diſtinguiſhed for learning as they would be thought, and that although the common opinion is that learning is more proper for men than women, yet there are many men who think they can do very well without it. This is no great compliment to your ſex, Mr. Gleaner, but, pray obſerve, it is not a compliment of my offering. I would be far from recommending ſuch unequal matches as are now hinted at. Yet I agree with the author above quoted, who ſays, in his neat language, 'It is a great pity there ſhould be no knowledge in a family.' For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great houſe, where perhaps there is not a ſingle perſon that can ſpell, unleſs it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce '*both by the father's and mother's ſide?*' My author likewiſe gives it as a reaſon why woman of quality eſpecially ſhould apply themſelves to letters, that their 'huſbands are generally ſtrangers to them.' I very much ſuſpect, therefore, that this vaſt averſion to a little knowledge in a wife may proceed from a principle of jealouſy, and that certain huſbands may conſider a library as a formidable hoſt of gallants and ſeducers, combined in an attempt to deprive him of his wife's affections.

It is frequently objected to the female ſex, that they are great talkers, and never know when to have done. Satirical writings are full of this, and one author gravely gives it as his opinion why women have no beards, that they could not have held their tongues long enough to be ſhaved! This is a very good joke, and as ſuch, I have no objection to it. Let it then be granted that we have the natural gift of ſpeech in greater perfection. What does my author ſay to this? His arguments appear to me to be unanſwerable. 'Since women have ſo excellent a talent, ſuch a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they ſhould not put it to ſome uſe. If the female tongue will be in motion, why ſhould it not be ſet to go right? Could they diſcourſe about the ſpots

in the ſun, it might divert them from publiſhing the faults of their neighbours; could they talk of the different aſpects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandeſtine marriages: in ſhort, were they furniſhed with matters of fact out of the arts and ſciences, it would now and then be of great eaſe to their inventions.'

This, Mr. Gleaner, I take to be ſound ſenſe. If we have the gift of ſpeech, that gift, like every other, will preſs to be exerciſed; nothing ſurely can be more painful than to have a great inclination to ſpeak, without having any thing to ſay. Driven, however, from books, by the *terror* of *learning*, we are compelled to be at the mercy of newſpaper anecdotes, or to dive into the ſecrets of our neighbours for the materials of converſation. Men often complain that we tell the ſame ſtories over and over again, that we are for ever repeating the ſame thing, and yet they would deprive us of every opportunity to increaſe our fund, and give a variety to our tattle. They dread our knowing too much, and therefore would have us to know nothing, and they have no other means of concealing their own want of knowledge, than by keeping us as ignorant as themſelves. All this would be well, if they did not complain of the very evils they are the occaſion of, and did not expect a lively, and entertaining companion in one whom they would keep as far from acquired talents as a dog that cannot be inſtructed, and can only diſplay the ſame inſtincts over and over again.

If *ſcandal*, for example, be the prevailing taſte, it is probable we ſhould be as much entertained and inſtructed by canvaſſing the characters of the ladies of the court of Charles II, as of GEORGE III, and there would be much leſs riſk of our narratives being prejudiced by private attachments. Hiſtory and biography would probably furniſh the tea-tables with anecdotes fully as amuſing as thoſe which are at preſent retailed, and which, although they are very entertaining to-day, muſt to-morrow be completely contradicted. Perhaps, too, there would be no great harm, if ſuch ſubjects ſhould in time be wholly aboliſhed from converſation, and give place to topics upon which we might argue with more chance of inſtruction. There is another advantage, too, in the converſation that is founded upon reading, digeſted in a well-informed mind, namely, that we attain a greater portion of certainty, than when we lay ourſelves at the mercy of what has been juſtly termed 'the *lie* of the day.'

But, ſir, if, notwithſtanding all that has been advanced, *learning*, or *reading*, ſhall ſtill appear ſo very obnoxious in a woman, let us ſee how it will bear a compariſon with other qualifications which are the ſubject of admiration with that claſs of males, who diſlike literary acquirements. Here again I beg leave to tranſcribe the words of the author already mentioned.

'Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are *men*, but as we are *reaſonable creatures*; in which order of beings the female world is upon the ſame level with the male. We ought to conſider in this particular, not what is the *ſex*, but what is the *ſpecies* to which they belong. At leaſt I believe every one will allow me, that a philoſopher is not ſo abſurd a character, and ſo oppoſite to the ſex, as a female gameſter; and that it is more irrational for a woman to paſs away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up ſtores of uſeful learning.'

That a female gameſter, Mr. Gleaner, is a common character, the annals of the faſhionable world ſufficiently prove, but I ſcarcely think that it will bear compariſon with the much dreaded character of a woman who has ſtored her mind with uſeful reflections, ſo as to be enabled to paſs her time, wherever ſhe is, independent

of the reſources of the gaming table, and who has ſenſe enough to know that when cards are played for any other purpoſe than that of caſual amuſement, when they become a buſineſs and a ſtudy, when all domeſtic enjoyments are ſacrificed to them, and when, worſt of all, they are conſidered as a ſource of wealth, the female character is transformed into a ſomething more unnatural and terrific than learning can exhibit. Among all the inſtances of female frailty, which for ſome years paſt have been held up to public ſcorn, it will, I preſume, be difficult to find one that originated in the *learning* of the parties, or one in which ignorance and vice did not appear to walk hand in hand.

But I perceive I have extended this letter to a greater length, than it may be convenient for you to admit. I ſhall conclude therefore with obſerving, that in determining the queſtion of the propriety and utility of learning in a woman, I never had an idea that women ſhould purſue ſcience farther than as it may ſerve to fill up thoſe leiſure hours, which are generally ſpent in amuſements, which are not only unprofitable but dangerous. The warmeſt advocate for the ſex, thinks not of ſeeing in every family a female Newton, a Boyle, or a Locke; he knows that ſuch geniuſes are not common among the *ſpecies*, and therefore as little to be expected in one ſex as in the other. No learning is preſumed to be neceſſary that interferes with the domeſtic employments, or with female gentleneſs and delicacy. Although I would not have a woman ignorant, 'how fearfully and wonderfully ſhe is made,' I would not have her commence anatomiſt, nor torture dumb animals for the purpoſe of proving acknowledged truths. Domeſtic duties, likewiſe, are ſo much in the province of the ſex, that nothing can be proper which interferes with them. I would have matters ſo contrived as that, to uſe the words of my author, 'the *learning* of the family may not be at all prejudicial to its *manufactures*:' and if any lady has acquired ſo much learning as to undervalue the domeſtic duties, I muſt tell her plainly, that ſhe has acquired very little, juſt enough to adminiſter to vanity and petulance, juſt enough to ſet her above her ſervants in *talk*, but beneath them in uſefulneſs. There is one thing which ſeems paramount to all literary acquiſitions, and that is, the knowledge how to make a proper uſe of them. If a woman reads only becauſe reading is not common, and becauſe it will enable her to diſplay a ſuperiority and be on a footing with 'the Lords of the Creation,' ſhe may perhaps excel the groſsly ignorant, but ſhe is in imminent danger of expoſing herſelf among perſons of a different character. Learning without judgment is an acquiſition which no perſon ought to envy. If it is not accompanied with prudence, if it does not lead to taſte, to ſelection, to propriety of conduct, the poſſeſſor of it, if I may uſe the phraſe, has got a wrong twiſt, and is not far from that deſcription of harmleſs lunatics or enthuſiaſts, whom we pity, but cannot eſteem. 'Thoſe, who, in confidence of ſuperior capacities or attainments, diſregard the common maxims of life,' ought to be reminded, 'that nothing will ſupply the want of prudence: and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.'

To the male ſex, Mr. Gleaner, I wiſh to have one word more, at parting. With whatever terrors they are oppreſſed reſpecting the learning of the ſex, and however ſhocking it may be to find that in knowledge it is poſſible to be excelled by a woman, they ought to conſider, in the choice of a wife, whether they will prefer her who promiſes variety of entertainment and remark in her converſation, drawn from ſources that are not eaſily exhauſted, or her whoſe knowledge extends no farther than the drudgery of life—in a word, whether they want an *agreeable companion*, or only an *upper ſervant?* I am, ſir, &c.

MATILDA.

ODDENDA: OR, ODDS AND ENDS.

From the Port Folio of an eminent Collector.

NUMBER II.

STERLING.

ANTIQUARIANS are much perplexed concerning the etymology and derivation of the word *Sterling*, generally applied to denote ſilver of a certain ſtandard. Camden and Stowe, with other authors on aſſaying of gold and ſilver in general, who have mentioned this circumſtance, drew a concluſion that the word *ſterling* was derived from the inhabitants of the eaſtern part of Germany, famous for eſtabliſhing a certain ſtandard of ſilver mixed with alloy, proper for rendering it into coin or veſſels fit for uſe; and which ſociety were called from thence Eaſterlings; who came over into this country in the reign of Richard I, and not from the circumſtance of a ſtar being ſtruck on the pennies; or from a town of that name in Scotland, as ſome have ſuppoſed. Much controverſy has ariſen on this point. The following ideas are offered reſpecting it. It is allowed, that words which were formerly held to convey a juſt conception of the term, have, by time, variations in circumſtances, the change of language, and natural ambiguity, been ſo mutilated, and transformed, that the original etymology of the word is obviouſly much obſcured.

It ſeems probable, that in the infant ſtate of metals, when they were firſt malleated for general uſe and circulation, for the benefit of ſociety, the appellation, ſterling ſilver, implied pure ſilver; and the expreſſions of a ſterling penny, and a ſilver penny, were ſynonymous terms. The word ſterling might have been introduced at firſt from the idea of the ſuperior brightneſs and white luſtre, that virgin or native ſilver has over other metals, and the epithet borrowed from the Latin word *ſtella*, a ſtar, or *ſtellans*, *ſtelliger*, ſignifying ſhining, or ſtudded with ſtars.

In early records of Latin authors, we read the words *Sterlenſis*, *Sterlingus*, which was afterward corrupted to *Eſterlingus*, by the Normans, and ſtood for pure ſilver in the maſs. In ſupport of this argument, Stowe, in his ſurvey of London, mentions two obſervations; 'The ſmaller ſums paid in ſterlings, which were pence, ſo cal'ed, for other coins they had none.' William the conqueror's penny was of fine ſilver, of the weight of the Eaſterling. Again, 'I find common Eaſterling money mentioned, and yet o:times the ſame. *As* is called *argent*, as afore, and not otherwiſe.' 'Thirty-two grains of wheat, dry and round, ſhall be the weight of a ſterling penny.'

Camden quotes a book of St. Edmundſbury, wherein it is related that king Edward I, eſtabliſhed 'a certain ſtandard for the coin preſcribed by Gregory Rockley, mayor of London, maſter of the Mint, as follows; a pound of money containeth twelve ounces, troy weight. In a pound there ought to be eleven ounces, two *eaſterlings*, &c.' This is the ſame ſtandard of the ſilver coin, as is uſed in the preſent time: and is a proof that the word ſterling in its primæval ſtate, conveyed the idea of pure ſilver currency, or peculiar ſtandard, as it does at preſent. To define and clear up this myſterious meaning of the word ſterling, it now conveys the exact idea of a goldſmith's mind, that it originally indicated, for the word ſterling is neither derived from a town of that name, or country, or inhabitant, but from the Latin word *ſterelenſis*, ſignifying barren ſilver, not bearing any impreſſion, nor wrought into plate or coin. As an inconteſtible proof that this is the true meaning and riſe of the word ſterling, ſee Lyttleton's Dictionary; under the word *ſterilis*, occurs *ſterilis pecunia*, money not put to

uſe; and when a goldſmith aſks a refiner of gold and ſilver, for a hundred ounces of ſterling, he gives him a crude, broken maſs of dark looking ſilver, with neither ſhape nor make appertaining to it, but of the uſual lawful ſtandard for manufacturing into plate.

SPECIMEN OF BIOGRAPHY.

A. B. was born in the year—(no matter what) His parents were (no matter who) he had a pleaſant, chubby countenance, friſked about in his nurſe's arms, ſaid *ta* when he was bid, and every body pronounced him to be—*A ſweet baby.*

After this he began to walk alone, went from one end of the room to the other, ſpoke *pa* and *ma*, and ſeveral other words very diſtinctly, and looked ſo charming, that every body declared he was—*a pretty boy.*

He was now ſent to ſchool, where he learned his letters ſo well, that in a year or two he could read a ſhort leſſon in the ſpelling-book, and repeat it to his papa and mamma by heart (on condition of receiving a ſlice of plumb-cake) and was always deſired to walk in and be admired by the company, who agreed that he was—*a charming child.*

In his progreſs, by liſtening to the converſation of thoſe about him, he acquired a perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phraſes in common ſpeech, which he delivered with ſuch a pleaſing accent, and unbluſhing countenance, that he univerſally acquired the character of a—*wonderful boy for his years.*

He was now ſent to a ſuperior ſchool, and began to ſtudy Latin, arithmetic, &c. Here he equalled, at leaſt, if not excelled his fellow-ſcholars in his proficiency; but played ſo many droll tricks at the expence of his uſhers, and his ſchool-fellows, that they had no ſcruple in pronouncing him—*a clever lad.*

He was next ſent to college, where he outdid all his competitors in the midnight frolic, played an excellent hand at whiſt, learned to drink his bottle, and was ſo pleaſant in ſinging a catch or glee, that they all agree in beſtowing upon him the epithet of a—*promiſing fellow.*

Here, too, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in certain amours, rather of the expenſive kind, though they did not extend to higher game than his bedmaker or his laundreſs' daughter; when his parents were informed of his gallantries, they cried out in extacy that he was a—*wild dog.*

His term being over, he was ſent to London, and placed in one of the inns of court, as the proper place to ſtudy law, and ſee the world. Here he formed a new ſet of acquaintances, with whom he eat, drank, gamed and *ſaw fights*; he was the life and ſoul of his company; for he knew more, and had more ready money, as well as wit, than any of them; and the ſly old benchers of the inns, ſhook their heads, and declared he was—*a fine daſhing fellow.*

In his anxiety to ſee the world, he frequented all kinds of company, from the clubs in St. James', to the cellars in St. Giles', and made ſuch droll remarks on what he ſaw, and ſeemed to enter ſo heartily into every kind of conviviality, that although ſome thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—*a queer dog, and no fool.*

He now began to dreſs in ſtile, dine in ſtile, give dinners in ſtile, and keep women in ſtile. He was a great man at the coffeehouſes; in the box-lobbies of the theatres his perſon was an object, his opinion a law, and from his many tranſactions of public notoriety, people began to conſider him as—*a buck.*

In the proceſs of time, he learned to judge of horſe-fleſh, frequented the races, betted conſiderably on the favourite horſe of the day, and won large ſums—Lords now ſhook hands with him, and grave ſenators aſked his opinion, not on *ſtate*, but *ſtable* affairs; and he was known in the

The Kite.

Turf coffeehouſe as one of the fraternity. In a word, he was—*a knowing one.*

But, ſomehow or other, his fortune, which had for ſome time been in his own hands, began to decreaſe; he was leſs ſucceſsful in his betts; his bills remained unpaid for months; tradeſmen began to be clamorous; money muſt be had; and, to get it, he ventured on many ſchemes, which the world does not approve of, nor think quite conſiſtent with honeſty, and became—*a black-legs.*

Amid all this, he never was an apoſtate to the cauſe of the fair ſex, but purſued his amours with *inconſtant conſtancy*, and with the advantages of a good perſon, ſome art, and more aſſurance, he was ſet down for a—*Devil among the women.*

By degrees, however, he found his affairs ſo much deranged, tha the came to the reſolution to ſell the remainder of what he poſſeſſed, buy an annuity, and retire from public buſineſs, and life. In managing this matter, he made ſo good a bargain, that even the Jews ſhook their heads, ſtroked their beards, and ſwore—*Aſh Got's my judge, he iſh no Chriſhtian!*

After this, he enjoyed himſelf to a pretty advanced age, having gone through, beſide the characters abovementioned, ſeveral others, ſuch as an Odd Fellow—Hearty Cock—Pleaſant Dog, &c. At length, his whole courſe being run, he died at his lodgings at a hair-dreſſer's in Barbican, leaving his moveables and perſonal effects to an old woman, who ſwept his room, made his bed, and *tucked him up*, which occaſioned people to ſay—'He was ſtill the *old man.*'

There was not enough left, however, to bury him, and the pariſh took this expence off the ſhoulders of his wealthy *old friends*, who ſignified their concern at his death, by the tender exclamation, 'Poor devil! What! is he dead—Well, I knew him once a *fine fellow!*'

DESCRIPTION OF THE KITE.

With an engraving, coloured from Nature.

THE Falco Milvus, or Kite, is a native of Europe, Aſia, and Africa. It generally breeds in large foreſts, or woody mountainous countries. It is eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the Buzzard by its forked tail, which indeed diſtinguiſhes it from every other bird, and ſerves to direct its flight with wonderful preciſion. Its length is about two feet; its bill is of a horn colour, furniſhed with briſtles at its baſe; its eyes and cere are yellow; the feathers on the head and neck are long and narrow, of a hoary colour, ſtreaked with brown down the middle of each; the body is of a reddiſh brown colour, the margin of each feather being pale; the quills are dark brown; the legs yellow; and the claws black. Its neſt is compoſed of ſticks, lined with ſeveral odd materials, ſuch as rags, bits of flannel, rope, and paper. It lays two, or at moſt three eggs; which like thoſe of other birds of prey, are much rounded, and blunt at the ſmaller end. They are white, ſpotted with dirty yellow.

Its motion in the air is unlike that of any other bird, being ſo ſmooth and even, that it is ſcarce perceptible. Sometimes it will remain quite motionleſs for a conſiderable ſpace; at others, glide through the ſky without the leaſt apparent action of its wings; from thence it obtained the old name of *glead* or *glede*, from the Saxon *glida*. As a bird of prey, the kite is well known to be very deſtructive among poultry. It perceives its food at a great diſtance in the air, and deſcends upon its prey with irreſiſtible force; its attacks are generally confined to ſmall animals and birds; it is particularly fond of young chickens, but the fury of their mother is often ſufficient to driveaway the robber. Mr.

Latham ſays, it will ſometimes eat fiſh, as it has been found feeding on the remains of one by the ſide of a pond, after having probably beaten off its firſt poſſeſſor.

Kites inhabit the north of Europe as high as Jarlſberg, in the very ſouth of Norway; but do not extend farther. They quit Sweden in flocks at the approach of winter, and return in ſpring. Some of them winter about Aſtracan, in lat. 46. 30: but the far greater part are ſuppoſed to retire into Egypt, being ſeen in September, paſſing by Conſtantinople in their way from the north; and again in April returning to Europe, to ſhun the great heats of the eaſt. They are obſerved in vaſt numbers about Cairo, where they are extremely tame, and feed even on dates, probably for want of other food. They alſo breed there; ſo that, contrary to the nature of other rapacious birds, they increaſe and multiply twice in the year; once in the mild winters of Egypt, and a ſecond time in the ſummers of the north. It makes its appearance in Greece in the ſpring; and in the early ages, ſays Ariſtophanes, 'it governed that country; and men fell on their knees when they were firſt bleſſed with the ſight of it, becauſe it pronounced the flight of winter, and told them to begin to ſhear their vernal fleeces.' In Britain they are found the whole year. Mr. Pennant mentions a beautiful variety, entirely of a tawny colour, that was ſhot in Lincolnſhire.—Lord Bacon obſerves, that when kites fly high, it portends fair and dry weather.

This being the firſt bird of prey, that has occurred in our ſeries, we may obſerve, that rapacious birds, or thoſe which ſubſiſt chiefly on fleſh, are much leſs numerous than ravenous quadrupeds; and it ſeems wiſely provided by nature, that their powers ſhould be equally confined and limited as their numbers; for if, to the rapid flight and penetrating eye of the eagle, were joined the ſtrength and voracious appetite of the lion, the tiger, or the glutton, no artifice could evade the one, and no ſpeed eſcape the other.

The characters of birds of the ravenous kind are particularly ſtrong, and eaſily to be diſtinguiſhed; the formidable talons, the large head, the ſtrong and crooked beak, indicate their ability for rapine and carnage; their diſpoſitions are fierce, and their nature untractable; unſociable and cruel, they avoid the haunts of civilization, and retire to the moſt melancholy and wild receſſes of nature, where they can enjoy, in gloomy ſolitude, the effects of their depredatory excurſions. The fierceneſs of their nature extends even to their young, which they drive from the neſt at a very early period; the difficulty of procuring a conſtant ſupply of food for them, ſometimes overcomes the feelings of parental affection; and they have been known to deſtroy them in the fury of diſappointed hunger. Different from all other kinds, the female of birds of prey is larger and ſtronger than the male; naturaliſts have puzzled themſelves to aſſign the reaſon of this extraordinary property, but the final cauſe is at leaſt obvious. The care of rearing her young being ſolely entruſted to the female, nature has furniſhed her with more ample powers to provide for her own wants, and thoſe of her offſpring. The falcon and owl tribes of birds of prey, only, are peculiar to this country. The kite we have deſcribed, belongs to the falcon tribe, as do the various ſpecies of eagles.

Account of the DISEASE *peculiar to* POLAND, *and ſome of the neighbouring Countries, called the* PLICA POLONICA.

THE celebrated profeſſor Brera, who reſided in Poland during the ſummer of the year 1795, and who had a good opportunity of making obſervations on this ſingular diſeaſe in the country to which it is peculiar, has publiſhed the following account of it: 'Under the term *plica polonica* is un-

derſtood a diſeaſe by which the hair on the head and other parts of the body ſwells, becomes matted together, and forms hard knots, and, on being touched, occaſions the moſt acute pain. The patient at the ſame time is ſeized with a kind of nervous fever, and the functions of the brain are deranged. This diſeaſe prevails throughout all Poland; but it ſeems to be more peculiar to Lithuania, where the inhabitants, of every age and condition, are, ſooner or later, attacked by it. Sometimes it is found among the wild animals, but oftener among the domeſtic, and moſt frequently among horſes. In Lower Hungary, the Bannat, Croatia, and Sclavonia, there is at preſent a ſimilar diſeaſe, from which foreigners who reſide long in thoſe countries ſuffer more than the natives.

The ſymptoms of this dreadful malady in general are, ſleep diſturbed by terrible dreams, a ſudden depreſſion of the ſpirits, aud a loathing of every kind of food. A few days after, gouty pains are felt, ſometimes in the arms, and ſometimes in the knees. The diſeaſe then more and more manifeſts itſelf, accompanied with a fever, at firſt of a doubtful nature, but which commonly exhibits a nervous character, the affections of which ſtill increaſe. The phyſicians, in thoſe countries where this diſeaſe prevails, often treat it in an improper manner, and waſte the time in the application of palliatives. The pains, uneaſineſs, and other affections, are, however, ſometimes leſſened by the common mode of treatment, and the patient often recovers in ſome meaſure his appetite, and might entertain hope of a cure, did not a ſhivering of the whole body, and a ſtronger or weaker heat which follows, with violent pains and an uncommon heavineſs, remind him too much of the lurking evil. Uncertain reſpecting the event, he wanders about for ſeveral months, and inſtead of health, the diſeaſe returns with more violence than ever. The pains in the limbs become more acute, the itching in the arms greater, and the patient remains confined to his bed. The hair begins gradually to ſwell, and to become clammy, and a fixed pain takes place above the ſocket of the eye, and gradually extends over the whole forehead. The functions of the brain begin to be deranged; all objects ſeem to the patient to have an appearance different from what they uſually have; and he is frequently ſeized with fits of giddineſs, and even blindneſs. He is at the ſame time tormented with intolerable thirſt, and experiences a violent ſenſation of burning in the throat, and over the whole ſkin. The urine is commonly turbid, almoſt of a coffee-brown colour, and gives a dark ſediment. The body is coſtive.

Under theſe circumſtances the diſeaſe increaſes, and it then becomes high time to apply means for leſſening, or rather removing, if poſſible, thoſe affections which threaten the life of the patient. This is the critical period for bringing the diſeaſe, as the Poliſh phyſicians ſay, to maturity. When this is accompliſhed, the patient will be paſt all danger. The ſureſt means of effecting this end is, to endeavour to excite perſpiration; for which purpoſe the warm bath, ſtrengthened with a decoction of aromatic or other herbs according to circumſtances, and which the patient ought to uſe every day, is to be recommended. At other times, the body muſt often be rubbed with flannel, in order to maintain a determination of the juices toward the ſkin. Diluent medicines, ſuch as the extract of bitters, ſoap, hemlock, and mercurius dulcis if no ſcorbutic diatheſis exiſts, are to be adminiſtered internally. It has been confirmed by repeated experiments, that ſtrong perſpiration, often continued, for ſeveral days, is the conſequence of this treatment. The matter perſpired is in general exceedingly clammy, and has a nauſeous fœtid ſmell. In conſequence of this perſpiration the morbid affections gradually diſappear, the patient feels himſelf lighter, and might imagine himſelf quite well, were he not obliged to drag about a heavy load of filthy mat-

ted hair, filled with a multitude of ſmall worms. By cutting off the hair, the patient would be expoſed to the utmoſt danger: the conſequences are, blindneſs, incurable convulſions, and often death. There is an inſtance of a lady, who, after having been almoſt cured, died ſuddenly on attempting to draw a comb, even with the utmoſt gentleneſs, through her hair. The beſt method is, to bear the inconvenience with patience for three or four years. At the favourable period when the hair begins to be diſengaged, at which time the young hair is ſeen ſpringing up, the following rules are to be obſerved:—A place is to be ſought for in the head where the matted hair is looſe and raiſed up: into this place the finger muſt be thruſt, and the operator muſt endeavour, but without uſing force, to looſen it every where around; and this proceſs muſt be daily repeated, ſometimes in one place and ſometimes in another. The hair which has been completely diſengaged is then to be cut with great caution. After this operation ſhould the pain in the orbit of the eye return, and if giddineſs, accompanied with convulſive movements in the arms, ſhould take place, the operation of diſengaging the hair muſt be ſuſpended, and bathing be reſumed. By theſe means the affections not only diſappear, but the remaining clotted hair often becomes looſened of itſelf. In this diſeaſe the hair often ſwells in ſuch a manner that blood iſſues from it when cut.

THE FEMALE PHILOSOPHER.

[From 'Memoirs of Modern Philoſophers.']

This Novel is written to bring into ridicule the Reveries, lately publiſhed by thoſe who aſſume the name of Philoſophers, and is in its Conſtruction and Detail excellently calculated for this Purpoſe. The Connexion which ſubſiſts, however, between the Incidents, is too cloſe to admit of an Extract that would not be in a great Meaſure unintelligible for want of the Context. As a fair Specimen, therefore, we have ſelected the Heroine's Account of her early Life, which is an excellent burleſque of modern Philoſophy.

BRIDGETINA, perceiving the book which Henry had left upon the table, took it up, and eagerly began to run over the contents; which ſhe continued to do in ſilence, notwithſtanding the entreaties of Julia, which ſhe ſilenced by declaring, 'that ſhe never read aloud to any one.' After a few yawns, ſhe at length threw down the book, pronouncing it to be a very poor performance.

'Your ſurpriſe me,' ſaid Julia, 'by ſaying ſo; it appeared to me to contain a great deal of genuine wit and humour.'

'I do not care for wit and humour, returned Bridgetina; 'they may ſerve to amuſe the vulgar, but you know they are quite exploded by the new philoſophy. The works of imagination which now enlighten the world, are all generated by ſyſtem. The energies of philoſophical authors are all expanded in gloomy maſſes of tenebrific ſhade. The inveſtigators of *mind* never condeſcend to make their readers laugh.

'I cannot altogether agree with you,' replied Julia. 'The authors moſt remarkable for wit and humour appear to have had no ſlight knowledge of the human heart. Do you think that Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding, were ſtrangers to the ſtudy of the mind; or that they could poſſibly have delineated the minute features of the ſoul in the manner they have done, without an intimate acquaintance with its nature?'

'What is Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding,' replied Bridgetina, 'in the eye of a philoſopher? What did they know of infinite cauſation, or of perfectibility; or of effects being equal

to their cauſes, and cauſes antecedent to their effects? The wit of ſuch men may amuſe the vulgar, but is deſpiſed by the enlightened.'

'It is a ſubject on which people will pronounce according to their taſtes,' ſaid Julia. 'My father lays it down as a maxim, that the total incapacity for reliſhing humour is a ſure proof of mental imbecility.'

'A ſentiment,' rejoined Bridgetina, 'very ſuitable to the ignorant prejudices of captain Delmond, but highly unworthy of a philoſopher. I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed to have heard it repeated by Harriet Orwell; but for you, you who have ſpent whole days, and weeks, and months, in ſtudying the writings of the new philoſophers, ſtill to preſerve a taſte for wit! It is truly aſtoniſhing! I perceive the ſociety of Harriet Orwell has perverted your mind.'

'Indeed,' ſaid Julia, 'the ſociety of miſs Orwell has been a very great happineſs to me. She gives me new cauſe to love and to eſteem her every hour. Never can I be forgetful of her goodneſs.'

'Goodneſs!' repeated Bridgetina, with a ſneer; 'from whence proceeds this boaſted goodneſs? Does it flow from a conviction of general utility, purſued through the maze of abſtract reaſoning? If it does not, what I pray you is its value?'

'I confeſs,' replied Julia, 'I never heard miſs Orwell define the abſtract nature of virtue; ſhe rather appears to practiſe it from the ſpontaneous impulſe of her heart. But though ſhe may not be ſo enlightened by philoſophy as we could wiſh, ſhe is extremely well informed on other ſubjects, and reads a great deal, I aſſure you.'

'I ſhould not wiſh to be confined to books of her ſelecting,' replied Bridgetina; 'her taſte and mine would not at all ſuit. Give me the wild extatic wanderings of imagination, the ſolemn ſorrows of ſuffocating ſenſibility! Oh how I doat on the gloomy ravings of deſpair, or delicious deſcription of the ſoul melting ſenſations of fierce and ardent love! But, alas! Julia, you are a ſtranger to the energetic extacies that pervade my ſoul. It is in a mind of great powers that ſtrong paſſions predominate; and only people ſuch as *I*, can taſte the tender emotions of an importunate ſenſibility. O Heloiſe! divine, incomparable Heloiſe! how, in peruſing thy enrapturing page, have all my latent energies been excited? O Henry Sydney, Henry Sydney, the St. Preuſe of my affections, how at the mention of thy name has a tide of ſweet ſenſations guſhed upon my heart!'

'Henry Sydney!' repeated Julia, 'can you be ſerious? Is it poſſible that Henry Sydney can really have engaged your affections?'

'Poſſible! ſaid Bridgetina, 'it is not only poſſible, but literally and demonſtrably true. The hiſtory of my ſenſations are equally intereſting and inſtructive. You will there ſee, how ſenſation generates intereſt, intereſt generates paſſions, paſſions generate powers; and ſenſations, paſſions, powers, all working together, produce aſſociations, and habits, and ideas, and ſenſibilities. O Julia! Julia! what a heart-moving hiſtory is mine.'

It was almoſt impoſſible even for Julia to refrain from laughing at the figure of Bridgetina, as ſhe pronounced theſe words. Every feature screwed into formality, and every diſtorted limb ſprawling in affected agitation, ſhe preſented ſuch an apparent antidote to the tender paſſion, that the mention of love from her lips had in it ſomething irreſiſtibly ridiculous. It was with ſome difficulty that Julia could ſufficiently command her voice to deſire her to proceed; which at length, after ſtretching her craggy neck, wiping the rheum from her eyes, and fixing them on the ſharp point of her turned-up noſe, ſhe did as follows:

'The remoter cauſes of thoſe aſſociations which formed the texture of my character, might, I know, very probably be traced to ſome tranſaction in the ſeraglio of the Great Mogul,

or to ſome ſpirited and noble enterpriſe of the Cham of Tartary; but as the inveſtigation would be tedious, and, for want of proper data, perhaps impracticable, I ſhall not go beyond my birth, but content myſelf with arranging under ſeven heads (I love to methodiſe) the ſeven generating cauſes of the energies which ſtamp my individuality, obſerving, that it is by a proper attention to theſe fine and evaneſcent ſtrokes, that the knowledge of *mind* is alone to be attained.'

'The firſt of theſe character-forming eras was the hour of my birth. The midwife who was to attend my mother, happening to be a mile or two out of town, her delay ſuddenly excited an energetic impetuoſity which ſcorned to wait for her arrival, and generated a noble ſpirit of independence, which brought me into the world without aſſiſtance. About two hours after I was born, the germ of other paſſions was produced. The nurſe, who from ſome early aſſociations had acquired a habit of getting drunk, let me fall upon the floor. A torrent of reſentment and indignation guſhed upon my heart, and the bitter tears that followed were a certain indication of the important conſequences which that accident was to have upon my future life.

'The third power-inſpiring era is ſtill more worthy of attention. It was, indeed, the fountain-head of all my feelings, the ſource of thoſe ſenſibilities and propenſities, which have been the ſprings of every action, the cauſe of every movement of my ſoul; it is therefore well worthy the attention of every philoſophic mind, of every lover of minute inveſtigation.

'Not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, (a thing ill-ſuited to the energy of my character) I haſten to inform you, that my mother not being able to ſuckle me herſelf, a young woman was brought into the houſe to be my wet-nurſe, who ſome months before had borne a child to the pariſh-clerk. He kept a little day-ſchool in Muddy-lane; and Jenny, whoſe education had been neglected in her infancy, had reſorted to him to learn to read, and ſoon became ſo enamoured of literature, that from one of thoſe aſſociations ſo natural to the human mind, ſhe conceived a tender paſſion for her inſtructor. "Imagination lent its aid, and an importunate ſenſibility, panting for good unalloyed, completed the ſeduction." With her milk I greedily abſorbed the delicious poiſon which circulated through every vein; and love of literature, and *importunate ſenſibility*, became from thenceforth the predominant features of my character.

'Early did the fruits of the aſſociations thus formed expand to view: by the time I was four years old, I would have liſtened for hours to the ſtory of little Red Ridinghood; and on a particular inveſtigation of this important era, I have learned from an old domeſtic, that I could actually, at the age of five years, repeat the whole hiſtory of the Glaſs Slipper, without miſſing a ſingle word!

'Having been a remarkably unhealthy child, I was even at this age ſo weak and rickety as to be ſcarcely able to walk; but as *phyſical cauſes are as nothing*, I ſhould not have mentioned this circumſtance, but from the opportunity it afforded of expanding my powers in converſation. In my little chair I ſat, talked, muſed, cried, or fretted, according as events excited my ſenſibility. My father was ſo delighted with my premature eloquence, that he always kept me up to ſupper, and rewarded the exertion of my energies by a nice morſel of high-ſeaſoned ragout or ſavoury paſty. During his life-time, my mother almoſt lived in the kitchen. But though her powers were expended in the ſcience of cookery, ſhe ſeldom had the good fortune to pleaſe; and the idea of her character, which from my father's contemptuous expreſſions I obtained, as it became a new ſource of action, may properly be termed a fourth operating principle of my mind.

'My father died when I had attained my ninth year, and my weakly

conſtitution deterring my mother from ſending me to ſchool, I learned to read at home; I did not like my needle, and my mother (happily for me!) never controled the energies of my mind, or cramped its powers by a mean attention to domeſtic concerns. Thus at liberty, I quickly learned to reaſon, to analize, to demonſtrate; and loſt no opportunity of improving theſe powers. Did ſhe at any time deſire me to ring the bell, to ſtir the fire, to fetch her keys from the next room, I had an ever-ready argument to offer againſt a compliance with her requeſt. I examined its propriety, I inveſtigated its origin, I purſued its conſequences; till convinced by the ſubtlety of my reaſoning, or fatigued with following me through a maze of argument, which her inferior capacity did not permit her to purſue, ſhe gave up the point, and quietly rang the bell, ſtirred the fire, or fetched what ſhe wanted for herſelf.

'The paſſion for literature to which I was pre-diſpoſed by the antecedent propenſities of my nurſe, continued daily to encreaſe. I expanded my imagination by novels, I ſtrengthened my energies by romances, and at length invigorated my powers by metaphyſics.

'The manner in which my latent taſte for the latter was brought into action, as it forms the fifth grand era of my hiſtory, deſerves to be particularly narrated.

'My mother got a packet of brown ſnuff from London by the mail-coach; it was wrapped in two proof ſheets of the quarto edition of the Political Juſtice. I eagerly ſnatched up the paper, and notwithſtanding the frequent fits of ſneezing it occaſioned, from the quantity of ſnuff contained in every fold, I greedily devoured its contents. I read and ſneezed, and ſneezed and read, till the germ of philoſophy began to fructify my ſoul. From that moment I became a philoſopher, and need not inform you of the important conſequences.

'Still my ardent ſenſibility led me back to novels. As I read each ſweet, delicious tale, I reaſoned, I inveſtigated, I moralized. What! ſaid I to myſelf, ſhall every heroine of all theſe numerous volumes have a lover, and ſhall *I* remain "a comfortleſs, ſolitary, ſhivering wanderer in the dreary wilderneſs of human ſociety? I feel in myſelf the capacity of increaſing the happineſs of an individual;' but where is he! does he live in this town? have I ſeen him? how ſhall I find him? does his breaſt ſympathize with mine? An idea of young Mr. Gabriel Gubbles, the apothecary, came acroſs my mind. Yes, ſaid I, it muſt be he! I heaved a convulſive ſtruggling ſigh. Tears half delicious, half agonizing, guſhed in torrents from my eyes. O Gubbles! Gubbles! cried I, my importunate ſenſibilities, my panting tenderneſs, are all reſerved for thee!

'I haſtily put on my cloak, and ſnatching up the umbrella, I walked forth to relieve the throbbing ſenſations of my too tender ſoul. A heavy cooling ſhower moſt opportunely at that moment fell. To quench the burning fervour I let down the umbrella, and was ſoon wet to the ſkin. I became ſomewhat more tranquil, more compoſed, and proceeded down the ſtreet.

I paſſed the ſhop of Mr. Gubbles; young Gabriel was there; he was looking into the mouth of an old woman, who ſat upon the floor to have a tooth pulled out. The attitude was charming; the ſcene was intereſting; it was impreſſive, tender, melancholy, ſublime. My ſuffocating ſenſibilities returned. I purſued my walk, leaning at times upon the umbrella. Careleſs of the obſervations of the paſſengers, who, ſtrangers to the fine feelings of an exquiſitely-ſuſceptible mind, wondered at my keeping down the umbrella in ſuch a heavy ſhower.

'Wet, dripping, draggled, dirty, I returned to the ſhop of Gubbles. The old woman was gone. Gabriel was pounding ſome drugs in the mortar, which ſent forth a ſmell too powerful for my high-wrought frenzied feelings. I threw myſelf into a chair,

and burſt into tears. Gabriel Gubbles was aſtoniſhed. Alarmed, terrified, diſtracted, at ſeeing me ſo ill, he took down bottle after bottle, and held to my noſe; he poured out lavender and hartſhorn, and preſented them to me with a look ſo embarraſſed, ſo full of feeling, that I exerted myſelf out of compaſſion to a ſenſibility which I obſerved to be already too much affected.

'He perceived my wet clothes, and in a voice of uncommon tenderneſs, begged me to have them changed. Unwilling to give him uneaſineſs, I promiſed to do as he requeſted, and retired.

'The tenderneſs of Gubbles inſpired the moſt delightful hope. "The delicious poiſon circulated through every vein." I gave myſelf up to the ardent feelings of a morbid imagination, and thus prepared for myſelf "a cruel exceſs of wretchedneſs." O Julia! Julia! how will your tender ſoul ſympathiſe with the ſufferings of mine, when I tell you, that in one week from the intereſting event I have juſt related, I heard of Gabriel Gubbles' marriage!'

Here Bridgetina took out her pocket handkerchief. Having wiped her eyes, ſhe thus proceeded:

'How ſhall I deſcribe my ſufferings! How ſhall I recount the ſalt, the bitter tears I ſhed! I yearn to be uſeful, (cried I) but the inexpreſſible yearnings of a ſoul which pants for general utility, is, by the *odious inſtitution of a diſtempered civilization*, rendered abortive. O divine philoſophy! by thy light I am taught to perceive that happineſs is the only true end of exiſtence. To be happy, it is neceſſary for me to love! Univerſal benevolence is an empty ſound. It is individuality that ſanctifies affection. But chained by the cruel fetters which unjuſt and deteſted cuſtom has forged for my miſerable and much-injured ſex, I am not at liberty to go about in ſearch of the individual whoſe mind would ſweetly mingle with mine. Barbarous fetters! cruel chains! odious ſtate of ſociety! Oh, that the age of reaſon were but come, when no ſoft-ſouled maiden ſhall ſigh in vain!

'In this joyleſs, comfortleſs, deſponding ſtate, I for ſome time remained. As I never at any time debaſed myſelf by houſhold cares, never attended to any ſort of work, I always enjoyed the ineſtimable privilege of leiſure. Always idle, always unemployed, the fermentation of my ideas received no interruption. They expanded, generated, increaſed. The ſociety of the philoſophers gave a freſh ſupply to the fuel of my mind. I became languid, reſtleſs, impatient, miſerable. But a mind of *great powers* cannot long remain in a ſtate of inactivity; its ſenſations are ever ready to be called forth. *The romantic, frenzied feelings, of ſenſibility will ſoon generate an opportunity for their own exertion.*

'Happening to viſit Maria Sydney after the death of her mother, ſhe ſhewed me a letter ſhe had juſt received from Henry. The ſentiments were ſo tender, ſo delicate, ſo affectionate, I perceived in every word the traces of a mind formed for the pure delightful congeniality of mutual tenderneſs. A thouſand inſtances of his particular attention to me, the laſt time he was at home, ruſhed upon my mind. In going out to walk with his ſiſter through the fields, I remembered having once ſtuck upon the top of a ſtile, which I vainly endeavoured to get over, till Henry ſprung to my aſſiſtance, and with manly energetic fervour tore my petticoat from the ſtump in which it was entangled. Why did I not then perceive the tender emotion of his ſoul! why was I blind to ſuch a proof of ſenſibility and affection! The letter, the important eventful letter, rouſed me from my lethargic ſlumber; every word thrilled through the fibres of my heart. It awaked the ſleeping extacies of my ſoul. I inhaled the balmy ſweetneſs which natural unſophiſticated affection ſheds through the human heart. O Henry! Henry! cried I, I perceive it is with thine my mind was formed

to mingle. Thou art, from henceforth, the ſovereign arbiter of my fate!

'The hour, the wiſhed-for extatic hour of his return at length arrived. Excited by his ſenſations, he hurried to our houſe the morning after his arrival; and in his looks, his manner, gave the moſt unequivocal proofs of the tender ſentiments that inſpired his mind. But ſtill a myſterious reſerve ſeals his lips. Why does he not ſpeak? Why does he not avow a paſſion ſo ennobling, ſo worthy, ſo natural, and ah! ſo fully returned! Female foibles, ſhrinking delicacies, why do you make me heſitate to begin the ſubject? Why ſhould I bluſh to inform him of my affection? O dear, often kiſſed relique! (pulling up ſomething that was ſuſpended by a ribbon from her boſom) precious depoſit! choſen confidante of my tenderneſs! how often haſt thou been witneſs to the convulſive ſtruggling ſigh! How often has thy bright face been dimmed by the dear, delicious, agonizing tears, which have ſtolen from my eyes!'

'Is it Henry's picture!' ſaid Julia; 'how did you come by it? Did he preſent you with it himſelf?'

'Ah, no!' returned Bridgetina, ſighing; 'it is a ſtolen memento; a theft of love. One day, on following his ſiſter into his bed-chamber, while he was out, I caſt my eyes upon his clothes, as they hung upon a horſe; and perceiving a looſe button, which dangled from the coat he had juſt thrown off, I took my ſciſſars, and ſevered the thread by which it hung. I retired without being perceived, and preſſed the button to my throbbing boſom. O button! button! cried I, in the delicious ardour of exquiſite ſenſibility. Once the dear appendage of thy maſter's coat, thou ſhalt from henceforth be the companion of Bridgetina's boſom; the ſolace of her tender ſorrows, the confidante of her afflictions! Yes; without reſerve ſhe ſhall murmur all her miſeries to thee.'

Here Bridgetina ceaſed; and Julia (bewildered, as ſhe often was, by the illuſions of her own imagination) was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the effects of a ſimilar illuſion on the mind of her friend. With regard to Bridgetina, ſhe very quickly perceived the fatal conſequences of yielding to the ſuggeſtions of a diſtempered fancy. She ſaw, that under the idea of cultivating *mind*, ſhe had only been encouraging the miſchievous chimeras of a teeming imagination; but never once did it occur to Julia, that ſhe was herſelf the victim of the very ſame ſpecies of folly. So much eaſier is it for the mind's eye to pierce the faults of others, than to caſt a retroſpective glance upon its own.

The good-natured Julia, pitying the deluſion of her companion, earneſtly wiſhed to ſave her from the mortification to which it muſt inevitably expoſe her. 'My dear Bridgetina,' ſaid ſhe, in a ſoft and gentle accent, 'you have very much ſurpriſed me by the hiſtory of your feelings; but I wiſh—I fear—indeed, I cannot help being very much afraid—that with regard to Henry Sydney, you deceive yourſelf. If he loves you, why ſhould he not declare it?'

If he loves me!' repeated Bridgetina. 'Why that cruel *if*? Why ſhould he not love me? What reaſon can he give? Do you think I have not inveſtigated the ſubject? Do you think I have not examined every reaſon, moral and phyſical, that he could have to offer againſt returning my paſſion? Do not think I have learned to philoſophiſe for nothing. But I perceive you are prejudiced,' continued ſhe; 'you do not enter into the fine feelings of an exquiſite ſuſceptibility. O divine Heloiſe! (pulling two volumes from her pocket) thou art the friend, whoſe ſentiments are ever ſoothing to the ſenſibilities of a too tender ſoul!' So ſaying, ſhe put one volume into the hands of Julia, while ſhe began to devour the contents of the other herſelf.

Julia perceiving how impenetrable ſhe was to reaſon, took the book, and read till bed-time, without troubling her with any further remonſtrance.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, April.

D.	H.	Baro.	T.out	T.in.	H.	C.	Wind.	Weather, &c.
1	7	29,38	48,5	53,5	59	h	WNW 1	little rain. chiefly fine
	2	29,56	52	54	56	3	NW 2	. cloudleſs night
2	7	29,65	41,5	51	61	5	S 2	. much gentle rain
	2	29,45	47	52	64	5	S 2	little rain. chiefly fine
3	7	29,70	47	52,5	60	1	NNW 1	. cloudy : little rain
	2	29,91	49	53	61	5	NNW 2	. leſs cloudy night
4	7	29,91	47,5	51,5	62	5	SSW 2	. little rain at times
	2	29,83	53	55	65	5	S 2	. little rain at times: fine
5	7	29,94	45	52	60	0	WSW 2	hazy: cloudy
	2	29,90	54	53,5	57	4	SW 3	. more wind. rain at night: leſs wind and fine
6	7	29,96	46	53	59	1	WSW 2	
	2	30,09	57	56	50	2	SSW 2	
7	7	30,09	51	54	59	1	SSW 2	
	2	30,09	60	56,5	52	3	SSW 2	
8	7	30,06	49,5	54,5	57	h	SW 0	not cloudy. thick upward: rain
	2	30,00	57	58	56	h	SW 0	much gentle rain. fair night
9	7	29,78	48	54	67	f	E 0	. rain and wind S: fair
F	2	29,71	56	56	65	5	SSW 2	. chiefly cloudy and rain at times
10	7	29,58	46,5	53	61	5	S 2	rain. more wind: fine
	2	29,48	56	56	62	3	SW 4	. chiefly cloudy and little rain. leſs wind at
11	7	29,76	44,5	52,5	57	3	W 2	[night
	2	29,93	54	54		3	W 1	. cloudy. rain at times
12	7	29,79	52	55		5	SW 1	. fine at times and more wind
	2	29,70	58	55,5		5	SW 3	. ſhowers and leſs cloudy at times
13	7	29,84	49	54	raining	2	W 2	. cloudy. rain
	2	29,85	51,5	56		5	SW 3	chiefly gentle rain
14	7	29,88	53	55,5		5	SW 3	little rain
	2	29,98	50,5	57		5	SW 3	. leſs wind at night: rain
15	7	30,01	48,5	55		5	W 1	. little wet. fine
	2	30,02	58,5	58		3	SW 2	. rain. clear eve: cloudy
16	7	29,79	51	56		5	SSW 2	. leſs cloudy. cloudy and little rain
	2	29,66	54	58	57	5	S 3	. fine. cloudy at times: little rain
17	7	29,53	51	56	58	5	SSW 1	
	2	29,62	53,5	56,5	51	4	SW 2	: fine
18	7	29,89	47	54	55	1	WSW 1	hazy
	2	29,89	59	50,5	44	2	SW 2	. cloudy eve. rain. fair
19	7	29,92	51	55	56	4	WSW 1	. fine
	2	29,92	58,5	56,5	48	3	WSW 2	. cloudleſs night: little rain
20	7	29,82	51	56	57	5	S 1	. little rain. fine at times
	2	29,76	56	57,5	54	5	SSW 2	. little wet at times and more wind
21	7	29,59	53	56,5	56	5	SW 3	. little wet: leſs wind and little rain
	2	29,60	56	58,5	56	5	SSW 1	. drizzling and gentle rain at times
22	7	29,48	47	55,5	55	4	SW 1	
	2	29,44	55	57	50	3	SSW 2	: little rain
23	7	29,45	47	53	56	h	S 0	. much rain: fine
	2	29,53	48	55	56	3	WSW 1	. clear night: cloudy
24	7	29,78	47,5	52,5	57	5	SSE 1	. drizzling. rain
N	2	29,78	52	55	54	5	NE 1	. little wet. much rain at night
25	7	29,43	50,5	53,5	76	5	NNE 1	hazy. wind E
	2	29,54	50	54	61	5	SSE 1	. hazy night but not cloudy
26	7	29,85	47	52,5	75	f	E 1	. fine but hazy
	2	29,91	59	56	55	3	E 1	hazy. clear night
27	7	29,98	47,5	50	63	5	NNE 2	. chiefly gentle rain: fair
	2	29,94	51	57	60	5	NNE 1	. little wet: rain. fine
28	7	29,85	48	55,5	57	4	NNW 1	hazy. wind W. fine
	2	29,89	58	57	52	4	S 2	. clear eve
29	7	29,79	48	50	56	2	S 1	. cloudy at times and little rain
	2	29,74	56,5	56	54	3	WSW 1	. little rain. clear eve
30	7	30,07	43	52	53	0	W 1	hazy
	2	30,13	57	54	46	2	SSW 2	.cloudy night

REMARKS *on the State of the* AIR, VEGETATION, *&c. in* April.

5. HAWTHORN begins to foliate.—8. Almond tree in bloſſom.—15. Elm begins to foliate.—19. Standard green-gage plum begins to bloſſom.—20. Pear tree in bloſſom.—25. Aſparagus cut.—28. Scarlet ſtrawberries bloſſom.—The month was very rainy; but on the 18th, the hygrometer was at 44, being the firſt time it was under 50 ſince the 8th of September laſt.

Rain 3 inches 11 hundredths.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* DISEASES *in* April.

THIS month has proved by much the moſt healthy of the preſent year. Meaſles ſtill continued to prevail, and with ſymptoms rather ſevere; hooping cough likewiſe was very common and obſtinate. The efflorescence of the ſkin, noticed in the laſt month, proved to be ſcarlet fever in its mildeſt ſtate; though in a few inſtances it proved rather ſevere. Smallpox was leſs prevalent than is uſual at this ſeaſon of the year. No other diſeaſe occurred worthy of notice. The burials, from the 1ſt of April to the 30th, were 1621; being 339 fewer than the laſt month, and 930 fewer than in February.

THE BRITISH MUSE.

VERSES on a Young LADY retiring from the faſhionable World.

AH why, cry faſhion's giddy crowd,
Theſe ſcenes does Laura fly?
The gem was ſhe that, gliſt'ning round,
Attracted ev'ry eye.

But now, alas! deſerted are
Thoſe ſcenes fair Laura knew:
The grove that wants the warbler's note,
Wants half its beauties too.

Once more, ſweet maid, to us return,
And glad gay faſhion's throng;
Fair pleaſure waits thy preſence here,
And thinks thy abſence long.

And why does Laura welcome ſtill,
The hamlet's lonely ſcot?
Thy beauties there will bloom unſeen,
Thy virtues be forgot.

Can'ſt thou endure the ſenſeleſs ſcorn
Of poverty and toil?
And can thy boſom reap delight
From ſorrow's barren ſoil?

Ah, what avails thy preſence there?
In ſolitude's retreat,
The fields indeed poſſeſs the roſe,
But know not it is ſweet.

Sure Laura, thou can'ſt never court
The praiſe of groveling minds;
Then haſte to ſhine with us again,
Where worth its value finds.

Oh ceaſe, ye thoughtleſs giddy tribe,
My Laura to entice,
To ſcenes, where diſſipation's cloak
Hides baſeſt deeds of vice.

In vain your pray'rs; for ſhe, more wiſe,
The hamlet's calm prefers;
To all the joys which ye can give;
A nobler taſk is her's.

To cheer the heart that long hath known
The heavineſs of woe,
To bid affliction's darkeſt ſcenes
With livelieſt colours glow;

To hide the ſorrowing widow's tear,
That drops upon the tomb;
To help the orphan's feeble pow'r
To clear the threat'ning gloom.

To cloſe the ſadly-bleeding wound,
By ſtern oppreſſion giv'n;
To aſk of charity the way
To ope the gates of heav'n.

Think ye the gem in faſhion's crown
With brighteſt luſtre ſhines;
Ah no! it moſt adorns the wreath
That gratitude entwines.

Think ye, that pleaſure only dwells
With riches, pow'r, and pride:
Yes, more does Laura's heart receive,
More ſpread on ev'ry ſide.

Will not the hamlet's grateful ſons
To her their homage pay?
Can they who feel protection's warmth
Forget the ſoft'ring ray?

However barren be the ſoil,
Where ſettles ſorrow's blight,
She ſows the ſeed of kindneſs there,
And reaps a rich delight.

To us the roſe, ye now have loſt,
Doth all its fragrance give;
Ye only knew the roſe was ſweet,
But we its ſweets receive.

Think not that worth its value finds,
Where pride and flatt'ry dwell;
The poor, who moſt its bleſſings feel,
Can beſt its value tell.

Then ceaſe, ye undeſerving crowd!
Your pleadings are in vain,
For why ſhould truth with ſcandal dwell?
Or pleaſures yield to pain?

Lure not my Laura's heart away,
From ſcenes ſhe moſt adorns;
Pluck not the lilly from its bed
To deck it round with thorns.

JUVENIS.

O D E

To GEORGIANA, Ducheſs of Devonſhire,
On the 24th Stanza in her 'Paſſage over Mount Gothard.'

And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where TELL directed the avenging dart,
With well-ſtrung arm, that firſt preſerv'd his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart!

SPLENDOR's fondly-foſter'd child!
And did you hail the platform wild,
Where once the Auſtrian fell
Beneath the ſhaft of Tell?
O lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleaſure!
Whence learnt you that heroic meaſure?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,
From all, that teaches brotherhood to man,
Far, far remov'd! from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting muſic lull'd your infant ear,
Obeiſant praiſes ſooth'd your infant heart:
Emblazonments and old anceſtral creſts,
With many a bright obtruſive form of art,
Detain'd your eye from Nature: ſtately veſts,
Rich viands and the pleaſurable wine,
Were your's unearn'd by toil; nor could you ſee
The unenjoying toiler's miſery.
And yet, free nature's uncorrupted child,
You hail'd the chapel and the platform wild,
Where once the Auſtrian fell
Beneath the ſhaft of Tell!
O lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleaſure!
Whence learnt you that heroic meaſure?

There crowd your finely-fibred frame
All living faculties of bliſs,
And genius to your cradle came
His forehead wreath'd with lambent flame,
And bending low with godlike kiſs
Breath'd in a more celeſtial life!
But many of your many fair compeers
Have frames as ſenſible of joys and fears:
And ſome might wage an equal ſtrife,
Some few to nobler being wrought,
Co-rivals in the nobler gift of thought.
Yet theſe delight to celebrate
Laurell'd war and plumy ſtate;
Or in verſe and muſic dreſs
Tales of ruſtic happineſs—
Pernicious tales! inſidious ſtrains!
That ſteel the rich man's breaſt,
And mock the lot unbleſt,
The ſordid vices and the abject pains,
Which evermore muſt be
The doom of ignorance and poverty!
But you, free nature's uncorrupted child,
Hail'd the low chapel and the platform wild,
Where once the Auſtrian fell
Beneath the ſhaft of Tell!
O lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleaſure!
Where learnt you that heroic meaſure?

You were a mother; that moſt holy name,
Which heaven and nature bleſs,
I may not vilely proſtitute to thoſe
Whoſe infants owe them leſs
Than the poor reptile owes
Its gaudy parent fly!
You were a mother! at your boſom fed
The babes that loved you. You with laughing eye
Each twilight thought, each naſcent feeling read,
Which you yourſelf created. O delight!
A ſecond time to be a mother
Without the mother's bitter groans:
Another thought and yet another,
By touch, or taſte, by looks, or tones,
O'er the growing ſenſe to roll,
The mother of your infant's ſoul!
The angel of the earth, who while he guides
His chariot planet round the goal of day,
All trembling gazes on the eye of God,
A moment turn'd his awful face away;
And as he view'd you, from his aſpect ſweet
New influences in your being roſe,
Bleſt intuitions and communions fleet,
With living nature in her joys and woes!
Thenceforth your ſoul rejoiced to ſee
The ſhrine of ſocial liberty!
O beautiful! O Nature's child!
Twas thence you hail'd the platform wild,
Where once the Auſtrian fell
Beneath the ſhaft of Tell!
O lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleaſure,
Thence learnt you that heroic meaſure!

TO A FLOWER.

By JOSEPH HUCKS.

CHILD of the Spring! fair opening flower!
I love thine early bloom;
To ſnatch thee from yon ſheltering bower,
Let no rude hand preſume.

Yet, yet protected from the blaſt,
Thy leaves in beauty blow;
Ah ſoon thy halcyon days are paſt,
Stern winter lays thee low.

But when revolves the varying year,
And ſleeps the wailing ſtorm,
Returning life again ſhall cheer
Thy renovated form.

When nature's rougher ſkies are fled,
Then cloth'd in loveliеſt hue,
Again thou'lt lift thy gentle head,
And drink the vernal dew.

O ſay of what has pride and power
On life's low vale to boaſt?
Poor flutterers! they but live their hour,
Then mingle with the duſt.

For ſo in life's delightful morn,
Fair laughs the ſunny eye,
To ſome few hours of joyance born,
Beneath a cloudleſs ſky.

So ſwift is paſs'd our little day,
And ſuch our tranſient doom;
Here let us pauſe, nor dare to ſay
What lies beyond the tomb.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou buſy buſy bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her reſting place
Had riſen up, and left her trace
On the meadow with dew ſo gray,
I ſaw thee, thou buſy buſy bee.

Thou wert alive, thou buſy buſy bee!
When the crowd in their ſleep were dead.
Thou wert abroad in the freſheſt hour,
When the ſweeteſt odour comes from the flower;
Man will not learn to leave his lifeleſs bed,
And be wiſe and copy thee, thou buſy buſy bee.

Thou wert working late, thou buſy buſy bee!
After the fall of the Ciſtus flower,
I heard thee laſt as I ſaw thee firſt,
When the primroſe-tree bloſſom was ready to burſt,
In the coolneſs of the evening hour,
I heard thee, thou buſy buſy bee.

Thou art a miſer, thou buſy buſy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden ſtores intent,
Thy youth in heaping and hoarding is ſpent
What thy age will never enjoy;
I will not copy thee, thou miſerly bee.

Thou art a fool, thou buſy buſy bee,
Thus for another to toil!
Thy maſter waits till thy work is done,
Till the lateſt flowers of the ivy are gone,
And then he will ſeize the ſpoil,
He will murder thee, thou poor little bee.

An EFFUSION of GRATITUDE on the providential ESCAPE of his MAJESTY.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

HE lives, propitious powers, he lives!
What, though the tear
From every eye involuntary ſtart,
Indulgent heaven, continually, that gives
New bleſſings to delight this happy land,
Has ſnatch'd from the aſſaſſin's hand
That life, to every Briton dear;
That ſource, from whence life flows to every heart!
Britons exult, and rally round the throne:
To pious airs
Breathe grateful prayers—
Your monarch's ſafety is your own.

Of joy and horror, what a ſcene!
Behold the king
In fortitude and virtue, find a hoſt;
Heaven beaming comfort on the pious queen,
And her angelic progeny around,
Dire murder and fell treaſon to confound.
See active Providence, like lightening ſpring,
To cheriſh in each heart the loyal boaſt.
Britons exult, and rally round the throne:
To pious airs
Breathe grateful prayers—
Your monarch's ſafety is your own.

To heaven, that evil ſtill permits
For mortals good,
Now pour we out our grateful hearts in prayer;
And, as each virtue, high enthron'd, that ſits
In his great mind, has long tranſcended praiſe,
So be the hour in calendars and lays
By unborn Britons underſtood,
That proved great George high Heaven's eſpecial care.
Britons exult, and rally round the throne:
To pious airs
Breathe grateful prayers—
Your monarch's ſafety is your own.

THEATRE.

A NEW Tragedy, called DE MONTFORT, was performed, for the firſt time, at Drury-lane theatre, April 28

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

De Montfort, Mr. Kemble; Rezenvelt, Mr. Talbot; Albert, Mr. Barrymore; Manuel, Mr. Powell; Jerome, Mr. Dowton; Conrad, Mr. Caulfield.—Jane de Montfort, Mrs. Siddons; Counteſs, miſs Heard.

The ſcenes lies in Germany.

Matthias, count de Montfort, having conceived a violent hatred toward the marquis Rezenvelt, who lives in the neighbourhood of his own manſion, in order to be releaſed from the ſight of an object ſo irkſome to him, takes a journey to Augſburg, a place where he was well known and reſpected. He alights at the houſe of old Jerome, a kind of hotel, which he had often viſited. Lady Jane de Montfort is the ſiſter of the count, a woman of the moſt noble character, fondly attached to her brother, by whom ſhe is held in the moſt affectionate veneration. The hatred which De Montfort bears toward Rezenvelt, had changed the whole complexion of his character, injured his health, and rendered him a prey to conſtant dejection. Lady Jane, by the commanding dignity of her virtues and her endearing tenderneſs, without knowing the cauſe of her brother's dejection, or enquiring into its nature, had kept his feelings under ſome reſtraint, but as ſhe had left the family manſion on a viſit, his antipathy to Rezenvelt, embittered by the elevation and increaſed wealth of the latter, can no longer be controlled, and therefore De Montfort leaves his houſe, in order to avoid the chance of meeting the man he ſo abhorred. Soon after De Montfort arrives at Augſburg, Rezenvelt unfortunately arrives at the ſame place. When De Montfort learns that Rezenvelt is ſo near him, he breaks out into a great fury, conſidering himſelf as haunted by an evil ſpirit. Count Albert, an inhabitant of Augſburg, hearing of the arrival of De Montfort, viſits him at the hotel. Albert ſoon irritates the feelings of De Montfort by his eulogiums on the pleaſantry and worth of Rezenvelt. But though the animoſity of De Montfort burſts forth whenever the name of Rezenvelt is mentioned, he appears always uneaſy when it is noticed by others; therefore, when Albert invites him to a feſtival, De Montfort agrees to be preſent, notwithſtanding he is informed that Rezenvelt is to be of the party. Manuel, the faithful follower of De Montfort, conceiving that lady Jane, on her return home, would be anxious to know the deſtination of her brother, leaves a letter for her, communicating his maſter's intended route. Lady Jane, therefore, follows him to Augſburg, and goes immediately to the houſe of Albert, the friend of her brother. Albert holds her character in the higheſt reverence, introduces her to his wife, and invites her to ſtay and join the intended fête, as her brother is expected. Lady Jane conſents to ſtay, concealing herſelf beneath a veil. The company, among whom are De Montfort and Rezenvelt, arrive. Rezenvelt, ſtruck with the figure of Jane, addreſſes her with peculiar homage. Some converſation takes place between her and her brother, and the latter, affected by her voice, intreats her to throw aſide her veil. Rezenvelt, with a ſpirit of gallantry, ruſhes forward to prevent De Montfort from touching her, and the latter reſenting this interruption, lady Jane diſcovers herſelf in order to avert all diſſenſion. De Montfort is at length induced to diſcloſe his feelings to his ſiſter, avowing his hatred to Rezenvelt, and alleging as the cauſe the malignant gibing ſpirit of the latter, which thwarted him while a boy, and which was ſtill vented againſt him during the progreſs of both of them to manhood. This oppoſition of temper had once involved them in a contention of arms, in which Rezenvelt was ſucceſsful. Lady Jane in vain attempts to ſooth the feelings of her brother, whoſe reſentment derives increaſing fury from the perſevering taunts of Rezenvelt, a man of ſpirit, who aſcribes the hatred of De Montfort wholly to arrogance and pride, which he is determined to mortify. A formal reconciliation is effected by the intreaties of Jane and the mediation of Albert; but De Montfort, being induced to think that Jane and Rezenvelt have conceived a mutual partialty, again indulges the fury of his deteſtation, and meditates ſome deadly deſign againſt the object of it. Being informed that Rezenvelt is going to viſit a nobleman a mile or two from Augſburg, and that he is to walk alone through a neighbouring foreſt, De Montfort, full of the moſt deſperate intentions, lies in wait for him and murders him. The dying groans of Rezenvelt reach a convent,

where a funeral ceremony is taking place. The friars haſten to relieve the ſufferer, find the dead body of Rezenvelt, and ſecure De Montfort, whoſe agony and horror dreadfully evince his guilt. The corpſe is conveyed to the convent, in which De Montfort is impriſoned. Lady Jane, alarmed by the ſudden retreat of De Montfort, and apprehenſive of conſequences, follows him, and arrives at the convent, to be a witneſs of the diſgrace and miſery of her brother. At length the remorſe and perturbation of De Montfort is too ſtrong for his frame to reſiſt, and he expires, the victim of penitential agony. The world no longer preſents any hope of conſolation to the afflicted Jane, and with her determination to paſs the remainder of her life in the convent, the tragedy concludes.

The moral inference from this piece is of courſe to check the impulſe of hatred, as exemplified in the guilt of De Montfort, and to ſuppreſs the luxuriance of giddy ſatire, by the untimely fall of Rezenvelt.

The acting of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons was perfect in its kind. The characters they ſupported ſeem expreſsly to have been written for them, and certainly could not be better adapted to draw forth their reſpective powers.

The ſcenery, particularly the repreſentation of the grand aiſle of a cathedral, is finely finiſhed.

A ſpirited prologue, in vindication of Britiſh genius againſt foreign rivals, was ſpoken by Mrs. Powell. A very elegant epilogue, to confirm the ſentiments inculcated by the events of the piece, was ſpoken by Mrs. Siddons.—The prologue was written by the hon. Francis North, the epilogue by the ducheſs of Devonſhire.

The muſic incidental to the piece was furniſhed by Shaw and Kelly. The ſolemn airs and harmony chaunted in the convent, are highly creditable to the latter. The tragedy was very well received by a very numerous audience.

A NEW muſical Drama, in two acts, called PAUL AND VIRGINIA, was performed, for the firſt time, at Covent-garden theatre, May 2. It has ſucceſſively been the ſubject of an operatic ballet and an Engliſh novel. The ſtory introduced is very trifling, the chief object of the author being to make the piece a vehicle of ſome very pretty, though not wholly original muſic, of Mazzinghi and Cobb, and to afford an opportunity for the diſplay of a variety of picturesque ſcenery. In both theſe particulars the piece has much to boaſt, together with ſome neat intereſting dialogue.

The piece concludes with the burning of a ſhip at ſea by lightning, which, accompanied by muſic, and a variety of ſecondary incidents, produces an impreſſive effect.

It was well received throughout, and announced for repetition.—Mr. Cobb is ſaid to be the author.

A NEW Comedy, called INDISCRETION, from the pen of Mr. Hoare, author of ſeveral popular pieces, was performed, for the firſt time, at Drury-lane theatre, May 10. The fable is briefly as follows:

Julia, daughter to Burly, to avoid a marriage inſiſted on by her father, elopes with Clermont, a young man of faſhion, who, forgetting the reſpect his honourable addreſſes had taught her to expect, ſhe eſcapes from him, and conceals herſelf at the houſe of Mrs. Goodly, a perſon who had formerly lived in Mr. Burly's family, and by whoſe means ſhe obtains an interview with her father; Burly, ſuppoſing her ruined, demands the name of her ſeducer, which ſhe, conſcious of her innocence, refuſes to diſcloſe, from the fear of occaſioning a duel. Burly on this forbids her his houſe, and ſhe in deſpair forms a project to diſguiſe herſelf in men's clothes, and under that diſguiſe to watch an opportunity of regaining admittance to her father's houſe, and recovering his favour. At Mr. Burly's ſhe meets Clermont, and is convinced of his remorſe, and real attachment to her. In the mean time, Burly, eager to diſcover a ſecret ſo important to the honour of his family, propoſes to overhear the converſation of the young man who frequents his houſe, but is perſuaded by Mrs. Goodly to meet them in her apartment, dreſſed as a female viſitor. This brings on a general meeting and explanation, by which Julia's honour is cleared, and ſhe is reſtored to her father's favour, and married to Clermont. The other part of the plot is founded on a matrimonial advertiſement, and a meeting of the advertiſing parties, which ends in reciprocal diſappointment, and expoſes them to the ridicule of their acquaintance.

The piece was announced for repetition with a great majority of approving voices.

A PETITE Comedy, called LIBERAL OPINIONS, was performed, for the firſt time, at Covent-garden theatre, May 13. It is from the prolific pen of the junior

Dibdin, and in ſentiment and conſtruction bears a ſtriking affinity to moſt of the productions of the ſame author. There is much buſtle, an abundance of comic incidents, and a conſiderable portion of light and ſprightly dialogue. There is very little originality either in character or plot; but the *tout enſemble* is highly pleaſing; and if the ſubject be conſidered of too trifling a nature to occupy the time of three acts, (which it at preſent conſiſts of) it may with very little trouble be reduced to an excellent two act farce. Almoſt the whole comic ſtrength of the company is brought in aid of the piece, and there is no doubt of its becoming a permanent favourite. It was well received throughout, and announced for repetition without a ſingle diſſentient voice.

PROCEEDINGS *in the Fourth* SESSION *of the Eighteenth Parliament of* Great Britain; *continued from Page* 327.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, May 5.

THE houſe having gone through the different articles of the union with Ireland, Mr. Pitt, in an eloquent and argumentative ſpeech on the principle of the union, for which he congratulated the country, moved an addreſs to his majeſty thereon, expreſſive of their obedience in taking his gracious meſſage into conſideration, the promptitude wherewith his wiſhes were accompliſhed, and their deſire that the ſame might be forwarded to the parliament of the ſiſter kingdom.

Which being ſeconded, a committee was appointed to draw up the ſame, and it was immediately preſented at the bar of the houſe by Mr. Pitt, and being read, was agreed to, and ordered forthwith to be preſented to the king.

Mr. Pitt then moved, that lord Temple be inſtructed to demand a conference with the lords to-morrow, on the ſubject of the union.—Ordered.

Thurſday, May 8. A meſſage from the lords informed the houſe, that they requeſted a conference on the ſubject of the union. The houſe having attended, the maſter of the rolls informed the members, that their lordſhips had agreed to the reſolutions, with ſome amendments, to which they deſired the concurrence of the houſe.

Friday, May 9. Mr. Pitt moved that the amendments made by the lords reſpecting the union be now taken into conſideration; the moſt material of which was that which related to ſilk, as they had added, 'all ſilk mixed with cotton, wool, &c.' He then moved that the amendments be read a ſecond time.

The ſpeaker obſerved, that there were three amendments made by their lordſhips, which required the particular attention of the houſe; that which he would ſelect was the amendment which related to the countervailing duty on ſilk. This would be a guide for the deciſion of the houſe with reſpect to others. The houſe would act with caution if it conceived that their lordſhips interfered with the ſupply; but he conſidered their ſuggeſtion as an opinion, and, on the broad baſis of a legiſlative union, he was of opinion, that it did not militate againſt the privileges of the houſe.

Mr. Pitt agreed with the ſpeaker. He ſaid, their lordſhips had only propoſed to carry into full effect what the houſe of commons intended.

The amendments were then agreed to.

A meſſage was then ſent up to the lords, to inform them that the houſe had agreed to their amendments.

The lords ſent a meſſage, to ſay that they had appointed the lord high ſteward and lord Walſingham to go up with the addreſs to his majeſty. The commons appointed lord Hawkeſbury, and meſſrs. Windham, Byder and Douglas, for the ſame purpoſe.

Monday, May 19. The houſe having reſolved itſelf into a committee on the income act, Mr. Roſe obſerved, that an act had paſſed laſt ſeſſion impoſing a duty on income, and a ſecond to amend the ſame. In the former tax there was an inequality, which in the preſent bill it was meant to rectify; and this amendment it was eſtimated would make an addition to the tax of at leaſt 400,000l. The diſproporton to which he alluded was that between the proprietors and the renters of land. In the details which he had to offer, an effort, it would be found, was made to do away this inequality, and, by a ſmall addition to the proprietary tax, to relieve the renters under 70l per annum.—Another reſolution which he had to offer was for the purpoſe of enabling commiſſioners in all caſes to make a ſurcharge in proportion to any fraudulent defalcation; and that perſons changing their reſidences without due

notice ſhould be liable to a ſimilar ſurcharge. The next propoſition related to perſons reſiding in this country for ſix months, whom it was propoſed to charge according to their deſcription of income. There was alſo a clauſe providing that perſons in trade making leſs than 2,000l per ann. ſhould not be allowed to make their return to the commercial commiſſioners.—Theſe were the only material reſolutions which he had to bring forward in the abſence of the chancellor of the exchequer, and which he had thought it his duty to bring forward, as it was neceſſary that the bill ſhould paſs before the holidays. He concluded by moving the firſt of his ſtring of reſolutions.

Mr. M. A. Taylor wiſhed the tax, while it did exiſt, to be as effectual and productive as poſſible, though he adhered to his original ſentiments reſpecting its impropriety. He then inſtanced various caſes, in which the diſcloſure of commercial concerns, even under the reſtrictions of ſecrecy on the part of the commiſſioners, would be highly injurious. The commiſſioner might be a banker, and, by knowing the actual circumſtances of the individual, might limit his diſcounts; or elſe he might be a man of large fortune, who, learning the exact profits of any ſpeculation, might be tempted to embark a ſuperior fortune, and thus materially injure the original adventurer.

Mr. Tierney, Mr. Baſtard, Mr. Jolliffe, and ſir W. Geary, ſeverally ſpoke upon the queſtion; after which the reſolutions were put and carried.

[To be continued.]

IRISH PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Monday, May 12.

THE right hon. the lord chancellor delivered the following meſſage from his excellency the lord lieutenant:

'CORNWALLIS,

'I am commanded by his majeſty to return to this houſe the reſolutions upon the great and important ſubject of a legiſlative union between Great Britain and Ireland, which you deſired me to tranſmit to his majeſty, together with your addreſs of the 27th day of March laſt.

'The few alterations and additions which have been ſuggeſted therein by the two houſes of the parliament of Great Britain, to whom in conſequence of your requeſt they were communicated by his majeſty, are in ſuch ſtrict conformity to the ſpirit of the reſolutions you agreed to, that they may be juſtly conſidered as eſſentially the ſame. I am, therefore, to congratulate you in his majeſty's name upon that identity of ſentiment which has been ſo conſpicuouſly manifeſted in both his parliaments for the adjuſtment of this great meaſure; and I am to expreſs the confidence which his majeſty feels, that you will perſevere in thoſe zealous exertions which you have hitherto diſplayed for its ſpeedy and entire accompliſhment.

'His majeſty will feel it as the proudeſt day of his reign, when he can conſider all his ſubjects as one people, united under the common protection of the ſame government and the ſame legiſlature, and all participating in the full enjoyment of thoſe bleſſings which the Britiſh conſtitution is ſo eminently calculated to confer.

'I am alſo commanded by his majeſty to communicate to you the joint addreſs of the lords and commons of Great Britain, of the 8th inſtant, which they preſented to his majeſty upon laying before him the ſaid reſolutions.'

His lordſhip then preſented the papers referred to in the meſſage, and moved, that they ſhould be taken into conſideration on Wedneſday next.

On Wedneſday, May 14, the lord chancellor remarked, that as ſome trivial alterations had been made in the reſolutions tranſmitted from this country to Great Britain, it would be neceſſary to aſcertain them by a committee. His lordſhip moved, that a committee ſhould be appointed for that purpoſe—which was ordered.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, May 12.

LORD Caſtlereagh delivered a meſſage from the lord-lieutenant, ſimilar to that delivered to the houſe of lords. His lordſhip ſaid, that it would be found on inſpection that of the amendments made in the Britiſh parliament to the propoſitions as agreed upon by that houſe, that there was but one amendment of ſubſtance, that relating to the number of Iriſh members in the Imperial parliament who ſhould hold places under the crown; every other alteration would be ſeen to be either merely verbal, or calculated only to expreſs more

explicitly the intention of the articles; he would therefore move, 'That they ſhould be taken into conſideration to-morrow, and that in the mean time a committee be appointed to examine and report whether any and what amendments or alterations had been made in the articles.'

A committee was accordingly appointed to meet this day.

Lord Caſtlereagh then ſaid, that as the article of union, relating to repreſentation, contained in itſelf a reference to an act to be paſſed by the Iriſh parliament, to regulate the mode of election for forming that repreſentation, which act muſt be firſt paſſed in order to be embodied into the union, he moved for leave to bring in a bill to regulate the election of the peers and commons to repreſent Ireland in the imperial parliament.

Mr. O'Donnel complained, that notwithſtanding he had on Thurſday moved for a return of the placemen and penſioners ſitting in that houſe, no ſuch return had been made. He ſaid, it was the duty of the noble ſecretary and the auditor of the public accounts to make this return.

Lord Caſtlereagh ſaid, he ever eſteemed it his duty to give every gentleman whatever information was in his power. The order the hon. gentleman had moved for was, that the proper officer ſhould make the return; there was no officer who had any document upon which to make a return of who were or were not members of that houſe; if, however, the hon. gentleman wiſhed for the information he demanded, he might eaſily ſatisfy himſelf, by comparing the papers on the table, which contained the liſts of perſons holding places and penſions, with the roll of parliament containing the names of the members of that houſe. As to the bill for which he had juſt aſked leave, he obſerved, that it was one which could not be conſidered as prematurely introduced, when it was recollected how ſtrongly the diſcuſſion of it and its proviſions muſt bear upon the expediency of the general queſtion of union, and that it would give to the houſe a new ſource of information as to the meaſure itſelf.

Mr. Arthur Moore thought the introduction of this bill a ſingular reverſal of the ordinary courſe; by it the noble lord ſeemed to take it for granted that the houſe was pledged to articles of union by their former agreement; this he denied; the alterations which had been made in them left the queſtion of union as much at ſea as ever: it was ſtill liable to minute diſcuſſion. The example of the propoſitions of 1785, altered in England, was one which might and ought to be followed on this occaſion.

Sir John Parnell deemed it highly diſreſpectful to that houſe to offer a bill recogniſing an imperial parliament before any ſuch parliament exiſted. He thought this bill had for its purpoſe to accede to the union by a ſide-wind, but he wiſhed to meet the queſtion fairly.

The chancellor of the exchequer ſaid, the preſent proceeding was in exact conformity with the order pointed out by the fourth article of union, as agreed upon by that houſe, which directed 'that ſuch act as ſhall be paſſed previous to the union to regulate thoſe elections, ſhall be incorporated in the act by which the union ſhall be ratified.' An honourable gentleman, had complained that there was a ſubſtantial alteration in one of the articles; but what was that alteration, and what was its purpoſe? To ſecure the independence of the Iriſh repreſentatives, by limiting the number of them who ſhould be capable of holding places under the crown, Did the hon. gentleman object to that ſecurity? Did he diſapprove of rendering thoſe who ſhould repreſent Ireland and protect her intereſts, as independent of influence as poſſible. The hon. gentleman would not avow his oppoſition to ſuch a proviſion; yet had he grounded his objection to the reſolutions already agreed to by the Iriſh parliament upon this ſingle addition. But he would aſcribe to the hon. member a ſtronger motive for his oppoſition—it was a motive which no arrangement could influence, no conviction abate—it was a paramount determination to oppoſe at all events every ſtep of the arrangement: would the gentlemen avow this notion. (hear! hear! from the oppoſition bench)—They did avow it: he was glad of it: this avowal would ſerve the public for a teſt by which to appreciate the juſtice of their objections, and whether it could or could not be conſidered a candid ground of oppoſition to a meaſure which had paſſed the two legiſlatures of the empire; he truſted that the gentlemen on his ſide the houſe would not feel it neceſſary to anſwer objections brought forward from ſuch motives as the oppoſition profeſſed.

Mr. G. Ponſonby ſaid, that for one he thought it the greateſt glory of his life that he had in every inſtance oppoſed it: he thought it the glory of the gentlemen with whom he acted, that they ſuffered no opportunity to eſcape of evincing their op-

poſition, and he thought that glory could only be increaſed by a perſeverance in the ſame honourable conduct.

The queſtion being put, on a diviſion there appeared for leave to bring in the bill —Ayes 135 Noes 80—Majority 55.

Friday, May 16. Lord Caſtlereagh moved the houſe to reſolve itſelf into a committee upon the repreſentation bill. After a ſhort converſation, in which Mr. G. Ponſonby and others, propoſed to appoint a committee to examine whether the return of the hearth money tax and the window tax (the criterion by which the thirty-one towns which are to return members are to be ſelected) were correct, which was rejected, the houſe divided—

For going into the committee 127—Againſt it 66—Majority 61.

The houſe then reſolved itſelf into a committee upon the repreſentation bill.

Lord Caſtlereagh propoſed to fill up the blanks with reſpect to the biſhops, who are to be returned in the following manner.

To ſit in the united parliament the firſt ſeſſion after the union—The primate of Ireland, the biſhop of Meath, the biſhop of Kildare, the biſhop of Derry.

In the ſecond ſeſſion—The archbiſhop of Dublin, the biſhop of Raphoe, the biſhop of Limerick, the biſhop of Dromore.

In the third ſeſſion—The archbiſhop of Caſhel, the biſhop of Elphin, the biſhop of Downe, the biſhop of Waterford.

In the fourth ſeſſion—The archbiſhop of Tuam, the biſhop of Leighlin, the biſhop of Cloyne, the biſhop of Cork and Roſs.

In the fifth ſeſſion—* The biſhop of Killaloe, the biſhop of Kilmore, the biſhop of Clogher.

In the ſixth ſeſſion—The biſhop of Oſſory, the biſhop of Killala, the biſhop of Clonfert.

This clauſe was agreed to.

Lord Caſtlereagh then proceeded to ſtate the grounds on which he ſhould propoſe to ſelect the thirty-one towns who are to elect members to ſerve in the imperial parliament. The towns which he propoſed to return members were—Waterford, Limerick, Belfaſt, Drogheda, Newry, Kilkenny, Derry, Galway, Clonmell, Wexford, Youghall, Bandon, Armagh, Dundalk, Kinſale, Liſburn, Sligo, Carlow, Ennis, Dungarvon, Downpatrick, Coleraine, Mallow, Athlone, New Roſs, Tralee, Caſhel, Dungannon, Portarlington, Enniſkillen, and Carrickfergus.—The city of Dublin, two members; Cork, two; and the univerſity, one.

* One archbiſhop is to ſit every ſeſſion in the above rotation.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

The London Gazette, May 3.

Admiralty-office, May 3.

Extract of a letter from John Thomas Duckworth, eſq. rear-admiral of the white, to Even Nepean, eſq. dated on board of his majeſty's ſhip Leviathan, at Gibraltar, the 11th ultimo.

ON the 5th inſtant, in the afternoon, I diſcovered twelve ſail from the maſt head, but at the cloſe of the day could aſcertain no more than that three or four were men of war; I therefore attempted to anticipate their manœuvres, that I might fall in with them the next morning, and at three o'clock we croſſed on one, which the Emerald boarded; from her I learned that ſhe had ſailed the 3d inſtant, with thirteen ſail, under convoy of three frigates. At day-break, we could only ſee a brig, which was ſo nigh and the weather inclined to be calm, that I ſent the boats of the Leviathan and Emerald, under my ſecond lieutenant, Gregory, to capture her, and after a ſmart ſkirmiſh of forty minutes they ſucceeded; ſhe mounted fourteen guns, with forty-ſix men, and bound to Lima; by this time we ſaw three ſail, eaſt, weſt, and ſouth, in conſequence, the Swiftſure being much to leeward, I made her a ſignal to chaſe ſouth, the Emerald eaſt, and ſtood weſtward in the Leviathan, with a very light air, when, at noon, the Emerald made the ſignal for ſix ſail in the north-eaſt; this induced me to ſtand directly to the eaſtward, and at the cloſe of day we ſaw nine ſail from the maſt head, it was then nearly calm, and continued ſo till eleven o'clock P. M. when a freſh breeze ſprang up from the ſouth-weſt, and I ſteered north in hopes of croſſing them: at midnight we obſerved three ſail, and as we approached them faſt, at two o'clock I plainly ſaw two of them were frigates, ſtanding to the NNW and cloſe together, I therefore kept on a parallel with them, and proportioned my ſail to theirs, that I might commence the attack juſt before day-break; becauſe I feared the veſſels under their convoy (which I judged muſt be near) would, on our commencing a fire, ſeparate, and we might loſe them all; at this time, the Emerald being near, I hailed and acquainted captain Waller with

my intentions.—At dawn of day I bore down upon the two frigates, which evidently had taken us for part of their convoy, and upon hailing one of them, ſhe directly endeavoured to make all poſſible ſail, as did the other cloſe upon her bow, on which I directed a volley of muſquetry to be fired, concluding they would ſtrike; but this not having the deſired effect, I gave a yaw, and diſcharged all the guns before the gangway at her yards and maſts, but it was not ſucceſsful in bringing any of them down; at this time, captain Waller very judiciouſly ſhot up to the lee-ward one, and in a few minutes we ſo diſabled their ſails and rigging, that on my being in a poſition to have fired a broad-ſide into them both, they ſtruck their colours; during this the Spaniards kept up a ſtraggling fire, and I ſhould not do juſtice to their captains were I to omit ſaying, that from the moment of their diſcovering us to be enemies, they uſed the greateſt exertions to get off, and diſplayed a gallantry in commencing an action with ſuch a ſuperior force, as might be truly termed temerity, for I evidently could have deſtroyed them. You will find by their returned of killed and wounded, they ſacrificed many lives. It was near half paſt five when they ſtruck, and I directly made the Emerald's ſignal to chaſe the third ſail, which appeared to be the other frigate; but ſoon after diſcovering ſeven more, and it being doubtful whether the Emerald (whoſe copper is very bad) would come up with the frigate, I made her ſignal to attack the convoy, which captain Waller in a very officer-like manner executed, and before night had poſſeſſion of four of the largeſt. As ſoon as I had ſecured the frigates, and put them in a ſtate to make ſail, which took near two hours, I gave chace to the other frigate, but after four hours the wind dying away, and not appearing to gain on her ſo as to expect ſucceſs, I hauled toward the Emerald, and in the afternoon took a brig; it then becoming calm, and continuing ſo till after dark, I ſaw no more of the enemy; and the next day joining the Emerald, I made for this port with the prizes, and arriving ſafe with them all the 10th in the morning, when I found the Incendiary had arrived the previous day with two of the ſtragglers that ſhe had fortunately picked up in looking for me. In this tranſaction I truſt their lordſhips will believe, that nothing in my power was left undone to ſecure the whole of a convoy ſo important to the Spaniards. The two captured frigates which were bound to Lima, with quickſilver, are completely ſtored for ſuch a voyage, and recently coppered. On board of the Carmen, the archbiſhop of Buenos Ayres was a paſſenger. I herewith ſend you a liſt of the prizes, with their force and deſtination.

Return of two Spaniſh frigates, captured by the Leviathan and Emerald on the 7th of April.

Carmen, Don Fraquin Porcel, commander, (commanding the expedition) of 36 guns, 340 men, and 950 tons, from Cadiz, bound to Lima, laden with 1500 quintals of quickſilver, ſundries of cards, and four twenty-four pound guns; ſtored for foreign ſervice, and victualled for four months; newly coppered; weight of metal twelve pounders; paſſengers on board, El Senor Yllufriſſimo Don Pedro Ynſencio Beſarano, archbiſhop of Buenos Ayres.

Florentia, Don Manuel Norates, commander, of 36 guns, 314 men, and 950 tons, from Cadiz, bound to Lima, laden with 1500 quintals of quickſilver, ſundries of cards, with five twenty-four pound guns; newly coppered and copper-faſtened; paſſenger, Don Joſef Balcafino, official real.

Liſt of veſſels captured by his majeſty's ſhips Leviathan, Swiftſure, Emerald, and Incendiary, under the orders of J. T. Duckworth, eſq. rear-admiral of the white.

Spaniſh ſhip Puriſama Concepciona, from Cadiz, laden with ſundries.

French ſhip Le Pay de Dome, from Malaga, laden with ſundries.

Spaniſh ſhip Confiance, of ten guns, from Cadiz, laden with ſalt, wine, ſnuff, tobacco, and oil.

Spaniſh brig Los Angleſe, alias Barcelona, of 14 guns and ſix ſwivels, from Cadiz, laden with bale goods.

Spaniſh ſhip La Baſtaneſa, of four guns, from Cadiz, laden with ſundries.

Spaniſh ſloop La Neuſtra Senora de las Delares, from Cadiz, laden with ſundries.

Spaniſh brig El Veneato, from Cadiz, laden with wine, and ſpirits.

Spaniſh ſhip Providence, of 32 guns, from Cadiz, laden with bale goods.

Spaniſh ſhip Caraguena, of 14 guns, from Cadiz, laden with bale goods.

Spaniſh ſhip Madre de Deos, of eight guns, from Cadiz, laden with bale goods.

Spaniſh ſchooner Jeſus Nazareen, from Cadiz, laden with bale goods.

[This gazette contains alſo a letter from ſir Hyde Parker, giving an account of the capture of 23 armed veſſels, and the detention and capture of 134 merchant ſhips, by the ſquadron under his command in the Weſt Indies, from the 27th of October laſt.]

Admiralty-office, May 10.

Copy of a letter from vice-admiral lord Keith, commander in chief of his majeſty's ſhips and veſſels in the Mediterranean, dated on board the Minotaor, off Genoa, April 18.

I HAVE the ſatisfaction of acquainting you, for the information of their lordſhips, that the Guillaume Tell having attempted to eſcape from Malta, on the evening of the 29th ultimo, was intercepted and captured the following morning by his majeſty's ſhips Lion, Foudroyant, and Penelope: but as I have not yet received capt. Dixon's account of the particulars of the action, or of the loſs which has been ſuſtained, I muſt take another opportunity of communicating them. I underſtand, however, that the enemy was completely diſmaſted before ſhe ſtruck, and that the Lion and Foudroyant have had killed and wounded about forty men each.

Admiralty-office, May 10. Letters received this morning from lord Keith, dated the 21ſt of April, mention ſeveral important advantages gained by the Auſtrians in the vicinity of Genoa, under the walls of which place the French have been obliged to concentrate their force. In many attacks the fire of the Engliſh ſhips was employed with conſiderable effect.

The meſſenger reports that he ſaw an Engliſh ſhip towing a captured Dutch ſhip of the line (with a frigate or ſloop) into Yarmouth Roads.

SHIPS Captured from the ENEMY.

LE Heureuſe Societé brig, 14 guns, by the Spitfire.

Le Troiſienne Ferrailleur privateer, 14 guns, the Neptune ſchooner, four guns, and the Tarn privateer, ſix guns, by the Mayflower.

Impregnable privateer, 14 guns, by the Lark.

L'Eole privateer, 10 guns, by the Phenix.

Le Hardi privateer, 18 guns, by the Anſon.

Le Furet privateer, 14 guns, by the Minerva.

La Ligurienne brig, 16 guns, by the Petterell.

Les Huit Freres privateer, 14 guns, by the Lady Ann.

General Bernadotte privateer, 14 guns, by the Arethuſa.

The St. Joſeph Spaniſh lugger, four guns, El Intripido, two guns, La Paix, privateer, 10 guns, and Le Scipio privateer, 18 guns, by the Endymion.

Le Dragon corvette, 10 guns, by the Cambrian.

ATTEMPT *to* ASSASSINATE *the* KING, *on* Thurſday, May 15.

It is with much regret, that we communicate to our Readers the following Particulars reſpecting the moſt atrocious Attempt on the Life of his Majeſty. Deſigns of this Kind are ſo abhorrent to the Feelings of an Engliſhman, ſo repugnant to his Principles, and to his Ideas of Courage, that the Public heard of it with not leſs Sorrow than Aſtoniſhment. The Accounts of this Affair, which we now preſent to our Readers, are the beſt that can yet be procured. They may differ in ſome minute Inſtances, but we thought it preferable to collect, in one View, the moſt authentic Relations and Evidence, rather than attempt to arrange and adjuſt, what properly will belong to a Court of Juſtice.

JUST as his majeſty entered his box, at Drury-lane theatre, and was bowing to a very numerous audience, a perſon who ſat in the ſecond row from the orcheſtra, but toward the middle of the pit, got up, on the ſeat, and levelling a horſe-piſtol toward the king's box, fired it. It was ſo inſtantaneous as to prevent all the perſons near him from ſeeing his deſign in time to defeat it, though providentially a gentleman who ſat next him, Mr. Holroyd, of Scotland-yard, had the good fortune to raiſe the arm of the aſſaſſin, ſo as to direct the contents of the piſtol toward the roof of the box. The audience remained for a ſecond in an agony of ſuſpence. His majeſty ſhewed the moſt perfect compoſure, and turned his eye toward the man, and continued ſtanding till the queen entered, who diſplayed alſo

the moſt dignified courage. After the firſt moment of ſtupor, the perſons around him, and the muſicians from the orcheſtra, ſeized the man, and hurried him over the palliſades into the muſician's room. Mr. Maior Wright, a ſolicitor of eminence in Wellcloſe ſquare, who ſat immediately behind him, was the firſt to ſecure him. He dropped the piſtol; but Mr. Wright found it under the ſeat. The audience, as may be conceived, after the firſt moment of ſtupor had ſubſided, burſt into the moſt violent emotions.—Terror, diſmay, and rage, were marked on every countenance, except that of his majeſty, who ſat with the utmoſt ſerenity, while the queen, who was juſt near enough to hear the report and ſee the flaſh, collected confidence from his magnanimity. The princeſſes were apprized of the event before they entered the box—they melted into tears.

There was a general cry of 'Show the villain!' who by this time was conveyed into the muſic-room, and given in charge of the Bow-ſtreet officers. The cry to ſee him ſtill continuing, it was ſtated from the ſtage, that he was ſafe in cuſtody. The band then ſtruck up, 'God ſave the King,' in which they were cordially joined, in full chorus, by every perſon in the theatre; the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and huzzaing. Never was loyalty more affectionately diſplayed, and never was it called forth toward a ſovereign who more juſtly deſerved the love of his people. His majeſty, who at the firſt moment of alarm, had diſplayed that ſerenity and firmneſs of character which belong to a virtuous mind, was now evidently affected by the paſſing ſcene. The duke and ducheſs of York, who were in their private box below, haſtened to the king, who was eagerly ſurrounded by his family. A more affectionate and intereſting circumſtance cannot be imagined.

Mr. Sheridan, aſſiſted by Mr. Wigſtead (a magiſtrate) proceeded immediately to examine the man in the room into which he had been conducted, and where he had been ſearched to ſee if he had any other fire arms, or papers. He had none. Mr. Tamplin, a trumpeter in the band, who aſſiſted in taking him over the orcheſtra, recognized the man to be a ſoldier, and pulling open his coat, found that he had on a military waiſtcoat, with the button of the 15th light dragoons. It was an old officer's waiſtcoat. On being queſtioned by Mr. Sheridan, he ſaid, 'He had no objection to tell who he was. It was not over yet—there was a great deal more and worſe to be done. His name was James Hadfield—he had ſerved his time to a working ſilverſmith, but had enliſted into the 15th light dragoons, and had fought for his king and country.' At this time the prince of Wales and duke of York entered the room, to be preſent at the examination. He immediately turned to the duke, and ſaid—'I know your royal highneſs—God bleſs you. You are a good fellow. I have ſerved with your highneſs, and (pointing to a deep cut over his eye, and another long ſcar on his cheek) ſaid, I got theſe, and more than theſe, in fighting by your ſide. At Lincelles I was left three hours among the dead in a ditch, and was taken priſoner by the French. I had my arm broke by a ſhot, and eight ſabre wounds in my head; but I recovered, and here I am.' He then gave the following account of himſelf, and of his conduct:

He ſaid, that having been diſcharged from the army on account of his wounds, he had returned to London, and now lived by working at his own trade. He made a good deal of money; he worked for Mr. Solomon Hoffman. Being weary of life, he laſt week bought a pair of piſtols from one William Wakelin, a hair-dreſſer, and broker, in St. John's ſtreet (Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Wigſtead immediately ſent perſons to bring Mr. Wakelin and Mr. Hoffman to the theatre).—He told him, they were for his young maſter, who would give him a blunderbuſs in exchange. That he had borrowed a crown from his maſter that morning, with which he had bought ſome powder, and had gone to the houſe of Mrs. Maſon, Red Lion ſtreet (Clerkenwell) to have ſome beer; that he went backward to the yard, and there he tried his piſtols. He found one of them good for nothing, and left it behind him. In his own trade he uſed lead, and he caſt himſelf two ſlugs, with which he loaded his piſtol, and came to the theatre.

At this part of his narrative, ſir William Addington, the magiſtrate, arrived, and took the chair: he went over the examination of the perſons who had ſecured him, and who had ſeen the piſtol levelled at his majeſty. Sir William ſaid, it was moſt material to aſcertain that fact, Whether the piſtol was levelled at the perſon of his majeſty, or fired at random, as in the one caſe it would be high treaſon, and in the other not.—He aſked Hadfield, what had induced him to attempt the life of the beſt of ſovereigns?—He anſwered, that he 'had not attempted to kill the king. He

had fired his piſtol over the royal box. He was as good a ſhot as any in England; but he was himſelf weary of life—he wiſhed for death, but not to die by his own hands. He was deſirous to raiſe an alarm; and wiſhed that the ſpectators might fall upon him.—He hoped that his life was forfeited.' He was aſked, if he belonged to the Correſponding Society; he ſaid 'No; he belonged to no political ſociety; he belonged to a club of Odd Fellows, and he was a member of a benefit ſociety.' Being aſked, if he had any accompliices, he ſolemnly declared, that he had none, and with great energy took God to witneſs, and laid his hand on his heart.

From this time he began to ſhow manifeſt ſigns of mental derangement. When aſked, Who his father was? He ſaid, he had been poſtillion to ſome duke; but could not ſay what duke. He talked in a myſterious way of dreams, and of a great commiſſion he had received in his ſleep; that he knew he was to be a martyr, and was to be perſecuted like his great maſter, Jeſus Chriſt. He had been perſecuted in France; but he had not yet been ſufficiently tried. He knew what he was to endure; but he begged ſir William Addington to remember that Jeſus Chriſt had his trial before he was crucified. He ſaid many other incoherent things in the ſame ſtyle.

Mr. William Wakelin, the perſon from whom he had bought the piſtols, being brought to the houſe, was examined. He ſaid, it was true, that he had bought a pair of piſtols of him, and that he had ſaid, they were for his young maſter, and would give him a blunderbuſs for them; but he had not yet got the blunderbuſs. He knew very little of Hadfield, but knew where he worked, and had heard a good character of him, but that the leaſt drink affected his head.

Several perſons from the houſe of Mrs. Maſon, his acquaintance, confirmed the fact; and ſaid, they aſcribed it to the very ſevere wounds he had received in his head; and that the leaſt liquor quite deranged him.

Upon this evidence he was committed to the houſe of correction in Cold Bath Fields, for re-examinination; and their royal highneſſes the duke of Clarence, duke of Cumberland, and Mr. Sheridan, conducted him thither. His majeſty's privy council, however, deſiring to examine him forthwith, to diſcover if he had any accomplices, he was taken to the duke of Portland's office, where he underwent another examination. Mr. Major Wright, Mr. Holroyd, Mr. Tamplin, Mr. Calkin, Mr. Parkinſon, Mr. Francis Wood, Mr. Lion, and Mr. Dyte, the perſons who were inſtrumental in ſecuring him, and whoſe evidence is the moſt material as to his directing the piſtol toward his majeſty's box, if not toward his perſon, alſo attended.

At the concluſion of the comedy, God ſave the King was thrice ſung, and followed by Rule Britannia. After the entertainment, God ſave the King was again repeated; and the following verſe was ſubjoined to that loyal air by Mr. Kelly, with the moſt happy effect, viz.

From ev'ry latent foe,
From the aſſaſſin's blow,
God ſave the King!
O'er him thine arm extend,
For Britain's ſake defend
Our father, prince, and friend:
God ſave the King!

After this, the duke of Clarence, duke of Cumberland, Mr. Sheridan, and a number of officers, went back to the theatre, and, after their majeſties had withdrawn, ſtrict ſearch was made for the ſlugs. A mark was diſcovered in the top of the canopy over the royal box, and in the orcheſtra a flattened and irregular piece of lead was found, ſuppoſed to have recoiled from the place where it ſtruck. No other ſlug or ball was found. The royal box is elevated more than 15 feet above the pit; ſo that from the place where Hadfield levelled his piſtol, he was between 30 and 40 feet diſtant from his majeſty's perſon.

The royal family ſat out the play of She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not, with the farce of the Humouriſt; and enjoyed the happineſs of receiving from every individual the warmeſt eſtimonies of affection.

Friday morning a privy council ſat at Whitehall to examine the evidence, but the priſoner was not brought up. The clerk of Mr. Hoffman, the ſilverſmith, with whom the priſoner worked as a ſpoon-maker, was examined. He ſaid, the priſoner had worked with Mr. Hoffman a year and a half, and always was ſober and ſteady, and a good man in his buſineſs. He alſo obſerved that the men would often play on a Monday; and that on Tueſday laſt the priſoner told him, that on the preceding day he had been to ſee two ſoldiers flogged near White Conduit-houſe; that in returning he met a cobler, who ſaid, it was a ſhame there ſhould be any ſoldiers; that Jeſus Chriſt was coming, and we ſhould then have neither king nor ſoldiers.

The cobler railed at all kings. When Hadfield told this to the clerk, the latter ſaid, if he knew where to find the cobler, he would take him before a magiſtrate, but he did not know where to find him. Hadfield owned he had been making merry on Monday; on Tueſday he appeared to be unſettled; but on Wedneſday and Thurſday he was quite well. The clerk had been told, he was deranged at times.

Several of the priſoner's ſhopmates were alſo examined, the tendency of whoſe evidence ſhowed that he was inſane. He told his wife and others, that on Tueſday laſt he met a man who aſſured him, that he had kept Jeſus Chriſt five years in Mount Sion, and that he was ſoon to viſit this world. This man was one Truelock, a cobler, at Iſlington. He was taken before the privy council on Friday, and is much poſſeſſed with an opinion of the ſpeedy return of our Saviour.—With this idea he had poſſeſſed the priſoner alſo. The cobler talked very rationally on any other ſubject but religion.

Truelock anſwered every interrogatory with ſtrange and incoherent rhapſodies. Many teſtimonies of total derangement followed; and he was committed to the houſe of correction in Cold-bath fields.

Many of the above circumſtances tranſpired at the examination at Drury-lane theatre, and were repeated on Friday to the privy council. On Saturday, at the ſame council, alſo appeared, and were examined, the major, and one of the captains of the 15th light dragoons. The teſtimony of theſe gentlemen (major Ryan and captain Wilſon) was the moſt material.—Hadfield, they ſaid, ſerved under them, and they perfectly knew his character. They depoſed, in ſubſtance, that while in the regiment, he was diſtinguiſhed for his loyalty, courage, and irreproachable conduct. On all occaſions of danger he was the firſt to volunteer. On the memorable affair at Villers en Crouche, on the 24th of April, 1794, which procured the 15th regiment ſo much honour, and the officers the order of merit from his imperial majeſty, Hadfield behaved with the moſt heroic bravery. On the 18th of May following, when the duke of York, retreating in conſequence of the attack of Pichegru on his rear, Hadfield, in the action of Roubaix, fought with deſperation. He volunteered on a ſkirmiſhing party, withſtood the ſhock of numbers, alone; was often ſurrounded by the enemy, and called off by his officers, but would not come. At laſt he fell, having his ſkull fractured, his cheek ſeparated from his face, his arm broken, and he was otherwiſe ſo ſhockingly mangled, that the Britiſh troops, after ſeeing him, concluded he was dead; and he was returned among the killed in the Gazette. The French having obtained poſſeſſion of the field, Hadfield fell into their hands, and recovered. He remained upward of a year a priſoner, his regiment all the time ſuppoſing him dead; but in Auguſt, 1795, he joined it at Croydon. It ſoon became manifeſt, however, that his wounds had deranged his intellects. Whenever he drank ſtrong liquors he became inſane; and this illneſs increaſed ſo much, that it was found neceſſary to confine him in a ſtrait waiſtcoat. In April, 1796, he was diſcharged for being a lunatic. His officers gave him the higheſt character, particularly for his loyalty; adding, that they would have expected him to loſe his life in defending, rather than attacking, his king, for whom he had always expreſſed great attachment.

Mr. Dyte ſaid, he was the firſt who ſeized the priſoner, being cloſe behind him; and that he made no reſiſtance. Mr. Dyte held him faſt, and was going over the orcheſtra rails with him, when one of the ſpikes ran through his hand, and another into his thigh; this obliged Mr. Dyte to let go his hold.

Mr. Clark, in St. John's ſtreet, Clerkenwell, of whom Hadfield bought the powder, ſtated, that about two o'clock on Thurſday afternoon, the priſoner came to his ſhop, and aſked for 'two pennyworth of the beſt battle powder, to prove a piece;' that not keeping any but common powder in his ſhop, he deſired him to call again, when he would ſend to the warehouſe. The priſoner called twice, and the third time he delivered the powder to him: it was then about three o'clock.

Mr. Dix, a ſilverſmith, in Greenhill-rents, where the priſoner worked before he went to Mr. Hoffman's, was examined as to the conduct of Hadfield while in his ſervice; he ſaid, that he appeared at times in a deranged ſtate.

Mr. Henry Elde, nephew and clerk to Mr. Hoffman, who lent the priſoner five ſhillings to go to the play, was the next perſon interrogated. He ſaid, that the priſoner expreſſed a deſire to go to the play, ſaying, 'He wiſhed to ſee Georgy, and ſhould have gone before, but the king always ordered fooliſh things, ſuch as comedies; now, he, for his part, liked a tragedy.'

The priſoner could earn about two guineas a week at his buſineſs. His maſter lives in Alderſgate ſtreet. Hadfield is an out penſioner of Chelſea college, having been diſcharged on account of his wounds, which rendered him unfit for duty. He has ſeveral wounds in his head, and his wriſt is ſo ſhattered that he wore a brace upon it to enable him to work at his trade. He appears to be about thirty-three years of age, and it is ſaid he was the duke of York's orderly man at Valenciennes.

The ſecond ſlug which was fired, was found on Friday morning, by the duke of Clarence, in lady Milner's box, and given to the cuſtody of one of the muſicians. It appears that Hadfield did not fire very wide of his majeſty; only about a yard too far to the left. The piſtol muſt have been raiſed to a proper level, as one of the ſlugs ſtruck the top of the princeſſes box, and fell into the orcheſtra, and the other ſtruck the top of lady Milner's, juſt below the princeſſes box. The ſlugs muſt have ſeparated very widely in their courſe, but the center between them was the height of the king. Had a bullet been fired it would have gone ſtraight forward. It does not appear that Hadfield was annoyed in firing. The king ſtood erect after he fired. The queen came in, and the king waved his hand for her to keep back. Her majeſty aſked, what's the matter? The king ſaid, 'O, only a ſquib, a ſquib; they are firing ſquibs.' Her majeſty is much afraid of ſquibs. The audience called for the queen, imagining ſhe was wounded. After the aſſaſſin had been taken away, the queen came forward, and in great agitation curteſied.—She looked at the king, and aſked if they ſhould ſtay? The king anſwered, we will not ſtir, but ſtay the entertainment out. They ſat down, and when the curtain drew up for 'God ſave the King!' all ſorts of perſons, ſceneſhifters, carpenters, &c. crowded on the ſtage—ſome of the performers in their dreſſing gowns.

Mr. Sheridan, who had been lighting in the king, was cloſe by him when the piſtol was fired. All the princeſſes, but Eliſabeth, fainted as ſoon as they ſat down. Eliſabeth exerted herſelf in recovering them to the utmoſt—The queen looked very pale. Her majeſty often leaned over the box in the courſe of the evening, and nodded to the princeſſes, as if to tell them to keep up their ſpirits. Nothing particular occurred throughout the performance. The play went off very flatly. Young Banniſter appeared to be much alarmed in opening the play; and the audience thinking, from his confuſion, the aſſaſſin had eſcaped, were loud in demanding if he was ſecured?

The ducheſs of York fainted away; and continued long in a ſtate of inſenſibility.

The news of this ſhocking attack ſoon ſpread over the whole town, and a great concourſe of people collected about the theatre, upon the doors of which double guards were placed with bayonets acroſs, refuſing for ſome time to let any one out or in.

At three-quarters paſt eleven, the royal family returned to Buckingham-houſe. The king and queen in the firſt coach, the two elder princeſſes next, and the other two in the third: they arrived at Buckingham-houſe exactly at twelve o'clock, attended by the whole of the body guards.

On Wedneſday, May 21, after the levee, his majeſty entered the great council-chamber, where being ſeated on the throne, the king received the addreſs of the houſes of lords and commons, which is as follows:

Die Veneris, 16 Maii.

'Moſt Gracious Sovereign,

'We, your majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the lords ſpiritual and temporal, and commons, in parliament aſſembled, beg leave humbly to approach your majeſty's throne, to expreſs our horror and indignation at the late atrocious and treaſonable attempt againſt your majeſty's ſacred perſon, and our heartfelt congratulations to your majeſty and to our country, on your majeſty's happy preſervation from ſo great a danger.

'Attached to your majeſty by every ſentiment which can moſt endear a ſovereign to his people, by the long experience of your majeſty's paternal affection toward us, by the ſenſe of all the benefits which we derive from your majeſty's juſt and mild government, and by our veneration for the diſtinguiſhed virtues which adorn your majeſty's character, and which are always moſt eminently diſplayed in the hour of trial; we acknowledge with all humility and gratitude the merciful interpoſition of that Providence, which has been ſo ſignally manifeſted on this occaſion; and we make it our earneſt prayer to Almighty God, that he will long preſerve to us the ſame bleſſings, and that he will continue to watch over and to protect a life ſo juſtly dear to us.

His MAJESTY's moſt gracious Anſwer.

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'I receive with increaſed ſatisfaction every freſh teſtimony of that invariable attachment of which your conduct has afforded me ſo many proofs. The ſteady loyalty and affection of my people, animate all my endeavours for their welfare, and I am confident that I can make no more acceptable return for that protection, which has been vouchſafed to me and to my family, than by perſevering in my unremitting ſolicitude for the happineſs of thoſe whoſe intereſts Providence has committed to my charge.'

When the members had withdrawn, the right hon. the lord-mayor was introduced, attended by the following aldermen, viz. Newnham, Boydell, Le Meſurier, Skinner, Curtis, Newman, ſir William Staines, ſir John Eamer, ſir William Herne, Price, Perring, Cadell, Perchard, Hibbert, Shaw, and Leighton; the common ſerjeant, ſheriff Flower, the chamberlain, 146 common-councilmen, and other city officers. The recorder read the addreſs, which was preſented to the king by the lord-mayor, of which the following is a copy:

To the KING's moſt excellent MAJESTY.

The humble Addreſs of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council aſſembled:

'Moſt Gracious Sovereign,

'We, your majeſty's loyal and dutiful ſubjects, the lord-mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, in common-council aſſembled, humbly preſent to your majeſty our ſincere and heartfelt congratulations on your providential deliverance from the late wicked and atrocious attempt on your majeſty's ſacred perſon.

'The more we reflect on the incalculable bleſſings we enjoy under your majeſty's auſpicious reign, and on the reiterated proofs of your majeſty's unremitted ſolicitude for the beſt intereſts of your ſubjects, with the more horror do we recoil from, with the more indignation and aſtoniſhment, do we contemplate the enormity of this diabolical attack on a ſovereign whoſe whole life has been an uninterrupted ſeries of the moſt affectionate and diffuſive benevolence to his people.

'We renew to your moſt gracious majeſty our aſſurances of our loyalty to your majeſty's perſon and government; and our zealous and faithful attachment to our moſt excellent conſtitution; and of our readineſs to guard and defend with our lives, your majeſty's moſt valuable life, both againſt the audacious attempts of foreign enemies, and the ſecret machinations of domeſtic treaſon

'Signed by order of the court,

'WILLIAM RIX.'

His MAJESTY's Anſwer.

'My Lord, and Gentlemen,

'I thank you for this dutiful and loyal addreſs, and for your affectionate congratulations on my providential deliverance from the attack which was lately made upon my life.

'This freſh proof of the uniform attachment of my faithful city of London to my perſon and government, and the warm expreſſions of your zeal for the defence of our excellent conſtitution againſt the attempts either of its foreign or domeſtic enemies, afford me the higheſt ſatisfaction.'

The lord-mayor, the aldermen, and common-councilmen had the honour of kiſſing his majeſty's hand; and during the ceremony, alderman Leighton received the honour of knighthood.

THE conſternation of the public on the above occaſion, was not a little heightened by a circumſtance which happened in Hydepark on the ſame day, and of which the following is an authorized account. There does not appear to be any connection between the events, but their happening on the ſame day, naturally created an uncommon agitation in the public mind.

Thurſday morning, May 15, the grenadier battalion of the guards had a grand field-day in Hydepark, in the preſence of his majeſty, the earls of Chatham and Cheſterfield, lord Cathcart, gen. Gwynn, and colonel Calvert. The battalion went through their different manœuvres in a manner which did them credit, and merited the praiſe of his majeſty.

An unfortunate accident happened ſoon after the commencement of their evolutions, the battalion were firing from center to flank, colonel Wynyard giving the word, when a gentleman of the name of Ongley, of the navy-office, a ſpectator, received a muſket ball through the upper part of his left thigh; it entered the groin and came out at the back part of his hip. His majeſty immediately rode up, and ordered every aſſiſtance to be given him, likewiſe requeſting lord Cathcart to procure his addreſs. He was conveyed in a coach to his reſidence at Cheſea, where

ſurgeon Nixon dreſſed his wound, and afterward Mr. ſurgeon North attended him, and gives the moſt favourable hopes of his ſpeedy recovery. The accident is ſuppoſed to have originated by miſtake of one of the battalion having loaded his piece with a ball cartridge.

Colonel Wynyard, commanding officer of grenadier battalion, paid every attention to the gentleman, and deſired his orderly ſerjeant to enquire daily after his health, that he might report the ſame to his majeſty.

When this happened, the king was within twenty yards of the battalion, and very nearly the ſame diſtance, upon a parallel line, from the gentleman who was wounded. His majeſty was on horſeback, and the muſket that fired the ball muſt not only have been pointed low, but could not have been directed againſt his perſon, otherwiſe it could not have miſſed him by ſo many yards, and hit a gentleman not ſtanding behind, but in the ſame line with him.—In order effectually to diſpel all ſuſpicion on this caſe, we ſubjoin the following letters publiſhed by authority of the commander in chief.

'May 16.

'We have authority to ſtate, that the misfortune which happened yeſterday morning, at the field-day of the grenadier battalion of guards in Hydepark aroſe entirely from accident.

'A due regard to the anxiety that every individual of the battalion feels, that this matter ſhould be properly underſtood, is our inducement for giving this ſtatement to the public.'

The following bulletin on this ſubject was iſſued from the Horſe-guards in the courſe of the afternoon:

'Horſe Guards, May 15.

'This morning, during the field-day of the grenadier battalion of the foot guards, in Hydepark, a ſhot was accidently diſcharged from the ranks, which unfortunately wounded a gentleman of the name of Ongley, who was among the ſpectators. The ſhot perforated Mr. Ongley's thigh, but did not injure the bone or arteries. His majeſty directed the military ſurgeon preſent to examine and dreſs Mr. Ongley's wound, and was much gratified by the favourable report made by Mr. Nixon, the ſurgeon of the grenadiers. His majeſty, on coming from the field, ſent his commands to Mr. Keate, the ſurgeon-general, and Mr. Ruſh, the inſpector of hoſpitals, to wait on Mr. Ongley, and to offer their aſſiſtance during the progreſs of his cure.'

OFFICIAL LETTER.

To General Lord Viſcount Howe, &c. Lieutenant-general of the Ordnance.

(COPY)

'My lord, Horſe guards, May 23.

'I have received the commander in chief's directions to inform your lordſhip of the reſult of the ſtrict inveſtigation, which his royal highneſs directed to be made into the unfortunate accident which occurred on the 15th inſtant, in Hydepark, during the field-day of the grenadier battalion of foot-guards, when a gentleman, being one of the ſpectators, was wounded by a muſket-ball.

'It appears that about five years ago, on application from the firſt regiment of guards to the board of ordnance, for the articles neceſſary for making up ball cartridges, blue paper was delivered; and with it near 27,000 ball cartridges were made, moſt of which ſtill remain in the magazine of the regiment, in conſequence of paper of that colour having been ſince appropriated *excluſively* to making blank cartridges, with a view to prevent accidents.

'The misfortune which happened on the 15th inſtant, is unqueſtionably and ſolely to be attributed to the circumſtance of one of theſe cartridges having been intermixed with the blank cartridges, which from the ſimilarity of the colour of the paper was not obſerved.

'This opinion is confirmed from there having been found, on an inſpection of the ammunition in the magazine of the firſt regiment, no leſs than ſeven other ball cartridges, made of blue paper, intermixed with the blank cartridges.

'His royal highneſs has ordered all the ball cartridges, made with blue paper, to be immediately delivered to the ordnance, and requeſts, that your lordſhip will pleaſe to iſſue the moſt pointed directions, that in future blue paper ſhall on all occaſions be uſed *excluſively* for the conſtruction of blank cartridges; and that this regulation ſhall be invariably attended to, in the iſſues from the ordnance of the different articles, which from time to time may be required by the troops for the purpoſe of making cartridges. The ball cartridges will of courſe continue to be made of white, or whited brown paper, as uſual.

'His royal highneſs has been pleaſed to direct that orders ſhall be immediately iſſued throughout the army on this ſubject; and he truſts that a ſtrict attention to this regulation will preclude the poſſibility of ſo unfortunate an accident occurring in future. I have the honour to be, &c.

HARRY CALVERT, adjutant-general.'

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

MAY 6.

ON Saturday, came on in the court of common-pleas, before lord Eldon, a trial of conſiderable import to traders, namely, whether a bargain made under a *miſtake* ſhall be binding upon the purchaſer, if *he* examined the goods?

Ellis *verſus* Mather.

The plaintiff had ſold, in March 1799, and the defendant purchaſed, by their brokers, Mr. Duddle and Mr. Whittle, twelve tons of barilla, 37l a ton. It fully appeared that the defendant, Mather, had acceſs to the goods; that he actually did examine them previous to his receiving them; but that he afterward complained that they turned out to be Scotch kelp, which had been ſent to Liſbon, and impoſed upon the purchaſer, at that port, for barilla: that the goods were afterward ſold at public ſale, at a loſs of near 200l. After a long trial, in conſequence of the defendant and his broker having ſeen and examined the article, and accepted of the purchaſe, the jury conſulted an hour and a half, and found for the plaintiff.

MAY 10.

Morris and others, *verſus* the Warden and Minor Canons of St. Paul's.

This was a trial at bar, on an iſſue directed by the court of chancery, and the queſtion was, whether the warden and minor canons of St. Paul's, the appropriators of tythes in the pariſh of St. Gregory, in the city of London, are now entitled to two ſhillings and ninepence in the pound of rent for tythes in the ſaid pariſh? Verdict for defendants. By this deciſion the tythes of that pariſh will now amount to 1300l a year, though from the ſtatement of Mr. Erſkine, on the part of the plaintiffs, from the reign of Henry VIII, to the year 1763, the warden and minor canons had uniformly leaſed the tythes to the pariſh for 82l a year.

MAY 15.

The ſum already produced by the income tax is 5,601,624l 19s 4½d.

The total amount of the voluntary contributions and aſſeſſed taxes in the year 1798, was 5,831,697l 2s 2½d, of which 2,826,823l 19s 4½d, were contributions, and 3,004,873l 2s 10½d, the produce of the triple aſſeſſments.

The lord-mayor of London is, for the future, to be allowed an addition of 1500l as requiſite to ſupport the dignity of his office.

MAY 20.

GENERAL ORDERS.

His royal highneſs the duke of Glouceſter has ordered the following letter to be given out to the brigade, and the orders and regulations therein mentioned to be ſtrictly adhered to:

Horſe-guards, May 16.

In order to guard againſt the repetition of the accident which occurred yeſterday at the field-day, of the grenadier battalion, I have received the commander in chief's direction, to deſire that you will, with the officers commanding the different battalions of foot guards, call the attention of the officers and companies to the ſtanding regulations reſpecting the delivering of ammunition to the men, which in conformity they are to obſerve, and which are always to be made under the perſonal ſuperintendance of a commiſſioned officer, who is previouſly to inſpect the men's pouches, to prevent the poſſibility of any ball cartridge remaining through inattention, being mixed with blank cartridges.

The quarter maſter is requeſted and directed to be very exact in requiring each man to deliver up, on his coming off duty, the preciſe number of cartridges with which he was previouſly furniſhed, allowing for the neceſſary expenditure, which is to be certified by the officer under whoſe command he has been.

It is not unuſual for the men to put ſome looſe cartridges in their pockets, in order to load with more expedition; this pretenſion his royal highneſs moſt ſtrictly forbids, and is pleaſed to direct, that if any ſoldier, during a field day, ſhould be obſerved to take a cartridge from any place, except from his pouch, he ſhall be immediately confined, and brought to a court-martial for diſobedience of orders.

I have the honour to be, ſir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

H. CALVERT, adjutant-general.

MAY 25.

Yeſterday, lord Kenyon delivered the opinion of the twelve judges upon the caſe between Marſhall *v.* Rutten, which, after ſeveral arguments, had been referred to them. The queſtion, his lordſhip obſerved, was, whether the defendant, having been ſued as a ſingle woman, and having pleaded that ſhe was married, and a reply being made on the part of the plaintiff, that ſhe was ſeparated from her huſband, and had a ſeparate maintenance,

was ſubject to an action. It was the clear opinion of eleven who were preſent of the twelve judges, that the action could not lie: no private contract of ſeparation between huſband and wife could be ſet up againſt the law of the land, or againſt the ſerious contract entered into by them in the face of heaven; judgment muſt therefore be entered up for the defendant.

BIRTHS.

LADY of ſir John Sinclair, bart. of Ulſter, a daughter.

Lady of ſir W. Rowley, bart. a ſon.

Lady of J. A. Prebart, eſq. of Bread-ſtreet, Cheapſide, a ſon.

Lady of John Dean Paul, eſq. of York-ſtreet, St. James's, a daughter.

Lady of Thomas Faſſett, eſq. of Surbiton place, Surry, a daughter.

Lady of John Puget, eſq. of John-ſtreet, Bedford-row, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

RICHARD Hippiſley, eſq. of Lambourne-place, Berks, to miſs Charlotte Mordaunt, daughter of ſir John Mordaunt, bart.

Edward Horne, eſq. of the ſix clerks office, to miſs Barbara Julia Pain, daughter of James Pain, eſq. of Turnham-green.

General Dundas, at the Cape of Good Hope, to miſs Eliza Cumming, daughter of the late ſir John Cumming.

James Stonehouſe, eſq. of Crutched-friars, London, to miſs Webſter, of the city of York.

William Brummell, eſq. of Donnington-grove, Bucks, to miſs Daniell, daughter of James Daniell, eſq. of Upper Wimpole-ſtreet.

Sir Hugh Dalrymple Hamilton, bart. to the hon. miſs Duncan, daughter of viſcount Duncan.

George Sulivan Marten, eſq. of George-ſtreet, Hanover-ſquare, to miſs Nevinſon, daughter of Charles Nevinſon, eſq. of Duke's-ſtreet, St. James's.

DEATHS.

MATTHEW Robert Arnott, eſq. gentleman-uſher of the black-rod.

William Larkins, eſq. late accomptant-general at Bengal.

Mrs. Sarah Way, ſiſter to the counteſs dowager of Northampton.

Duncan Campbell, eſq. captain in the navy.

William Cowper, eſq. the Engliſh poet.

Mr. Fiſcher, the celebrated oboe-player.

Lieutenant-general Anthony George Martin.

The lady of ſir Lionel Darell, bart.

Counteſs of Strathmore.

Lady C. Courtenay.

Admiral Lockhart.

Gilbert Heathcote, eſq. fourth ſon of ſir William Heathcote, bart.

Hugo Meynell, eſq. of Hill-ſtreet, Berkeley-ſquare.

Duke d'Aiguillon, at Hamburgh.

PROMOTION.

SIR Charles Whitworth, K. B.—to be baron Whitworth, of Newport Prat, in the county of Mayo.

PREFERMENT.

DR. Henry William Majendie—biſhop of Cheſter.

BANKRUPTS. From the GAZETTE.

APRIL 15.

JAMES Mardon, Redruth, Cornwall, baker.

John Hillingworth, Leeds, Yorkſhire, linen-draper.

Thomas Phillips, Cullum-ſtreet, wine-merchant.

Sarah Parry, Malmſbury, in Wiltſhire, ſhopkeeper.

Joſeph Owencroft, Nottingham, dealer.

William Roberts, Surry-road, baker.

APRIL 19.

Richard Wright, Bankſide, Southwark, coal merchant,

William Whettel, and John Whettel, Poole, innkeepers.

Thomas Shepherd, Oborne, Dorſetſhire, miller.

James Irwin, Red-croſs-ſtreet, Southwark, brewer.

Dominico Corri, Haymarket, muſical-inſtrument-maker.

James Phelps, Hazelbury Plucknett, Somerſetſhire, ſailcloth-maker.

John Greaves, Pudſey, Yorkſhire, and Joſeph Dufton, Farnley, Yorkſhire, merchant.

William Newton, Tideſwell, Derbyſhire, vintner.

Samuel Clearſon, Strand, carver and gilder.

William Walter, Fore-ſtreet, Limehouſe, grocer.

APRIL 22.

Crichton Horne, Portland-ſtreet, Ratcliffe-highway, glaſs-maker.

Thomas Shorthoſe, Sculcoates, Yorkſhire, merchant.

John Sauſe, Liverpool, merchant.

APRIL 26.

Suſannah James, Bloomſbury-place, boarding-ſchool miſtreſs.

Charles Tatlock, Cateaton-ſtreet, merchant.

Thomas Harriſon, Arthur Kidder, and John Kidder, Croydon, Surry, callico-printers.

Robert Trotter, Mitre-court, Fleet-ſtreet, and Robert Hodgſon, Three Crown-court, Southwark, taylors.

William Brown, Grafton-ſtreet, Fitzroy-ſquare, taylor.

William Gearing, Water-lane, Fleet-ſtreet, innholder.

Joſeph Waters, Hammerſmith, victualler.

William Mathews, Long-lane, Surry, parchment-maker.

Joſeph Wells and Thomas Wells, Holborn-bridge, jewellers.

George Kirk and John Ford, Grocers'-hall-court, merchants.

William Tate the elder, and William Tate the younger, Findon, Suſſex, timber-merchants.

John Cooper, Chorley, Lancaſhire, cotten-manufacturer.

William Jetley, Armley, Yorkſhire, maltſter.

Matthew Hammond Blake, London, cutler.

APRIL 29.

John Fowler, Foſter-lane, warehouſeman.

Samuel Thompſon, Crumpſall, Manchester, butcher.

Joſeph Bradley, Shaw Bank, Derbyſhire, callico-manufacturer.

William Tetley, Armley, Yorkſhire, maltſter.

Chriſtopher Simpſon, and John Mills, Pigs Lee, Lancaſhire, dyers.

William Bartlett, Portpool-lane, tallow-chandler.

Eliſabeth Fay, Fenchurch-ſtreet, merchant.

Edward Ellis, Oxford-ſtreet, linen-draper.

Richard Pierce, Warminſter, Wiltſhire, clothier.

Thomas Jones, Charlton, Bedfordſhire, timber-merchant.

MAY 3.

Samuel Bourn, Spalding, Lincolnſhire, grocer.

Joſeph Greaves the elder, Glouceſter-buildings, Surry, inſurance-broker.

John James, Old Burlington-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, taylor.

Philip Parkin, Farnham, Surry, brandy-merchant.

Paul Bache and Andrew Bache, Baſing-hall-ſtreet, merchants.

John Edwards, Caſtle-court, Lawrence-lane, merchant.

Samuel Marriott, Cateaton-ſtreet, vintner.

MAY 6.

William Beanlands and Benjamin Beanlands, Bradford, Yorkſhire, woolſtaplers.

Tomas Morton, Woodhouſe, in Yorkſhire, dealer.

James Spring, John-ſtreet, Hanover-ſquare, victualler.

John Powell, Bevis Marks, St. Mary-axe, glaſs-dealer.

Arthur Chicheſter Allen, Ironmonger-lane, merchant.

Joſeph Mears, Beer-lane, Tower-ſtreet, flour-factor.

MAY 10.

William Darwin, Haymarket, hackney-man.

Robert Ware, and Philip Francis, Lawrence-lane, Cheapſide, wholeſale glovers.

Roope Harris Roope, Dartmouth, Devonſhire, merchant.

Benjamin Lacey, and Eliſabeth Fay, Fenchurch-ſtreet, merchants.

Joſeph Burley, Wakefield, Yorkſhire, grocer.

Benjamin Fagg, High Holborn, ſadler.

Thomas Ralfe, and John Gauntlett, Leadenhall-ſtreet, merchants.

John Dalby, Bradford, Yorkſhire, corn-dealer.

Sarah Danſie, Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-garden, tavern-keeper.

William Heap, and Thomas Burton, Manchester, dealers in cotton twiſt.

John Reynolds, Newington-Butts, in Surry, brewer.

William Collins, Briſtol, brandy-merchant.

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	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middleſex	120	9	82	0	52	9	46	8
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Huntingdon	114	7	——		60	8	42	0
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Leiceſter	111	5	——		63	9	50	5
Nottingham	120	2	84	0	67	4	53	0
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Stafford	142	6	——		69	4	59	7
Salop	134	10	87	6	67	3	50	10
Hereford	121	6	83	2	59	2	47	4
Worceſter	136	11	——		65	8	53	7
Warwick	141	7	——		81	9	54	10
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Kent	117	8	——		49	2	42	6
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Suffolk	125	5	——		58	0	40	8
Cambridge	112	4	——		54	2	31	0
Norfolk	112	11	84	0	53	0	40	4
Lincoln	108	8	75	8	61	6	41	10
York	103	9	76	6	56	5	46	10
Durham	110	7	87	9	71	7	51	1
Northumberland	92	10	79	9	60	0	52	2
Cumberland	133	3	106	8	99	10	65	4
Weſtmorland	146	4	121	0	90	10	57	11
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Merioneth	120	6	113	2	90	8	37	11
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Pembroke	111	6	——		71	8	31	6
Carmarthen	128	0	——		68	0	27	10
Glamorgan	128	8	——		66	3	40	0
Glouceſter	117	5	——		56	5	44	4
Somerſet	127	10	126	0	53	6	40	9
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8	162 ½	63 ⅛	64 ⅛ a 64	80 ⅜	98	96	18 ⅝	5 ⅝	210			7		
9	162 ¼	63 ⅛	64 ⅛ a 63 ⅞	80 ⅞	98	96	18 ¼	5 ⅝	210	63 ¼		7		
10		63 ⅛	64 a 63 ¼	80 ⅞	97 ¼	95 ¼ ¾	18 ⅝	5 ⅝	209 ¾			7		
12		63 ⅛	63 ⅞ 64	80 ¼	98 ⅛	95 ¾	18 ⅝	5 ⅝	210 ¼			6		
13	162	63 ⅛	64 a 63 ⅞	80 ⅜	98 ⅜	96	18 ⅝	5 ⅝	210			6		
14		63 ⅛	63 ⅞ a 64	80 ⅜	98	96	18 ⅝	5 ⅝				6		
15	161 ½	63 ⅛	63 ¼ a ½	80 ⅜	98	96	18 ⅝	5 ⅝	209 ½			6		
16	161 ¼	63	63 ¼ a ⅜	80 ⅜	98 ⅛	95 ⅞	18 ⅝	5 ⅝				6		
17	161 ½	63 ⅛	63 ⅜ a 64 ⅛	80 ⅝		95 ⅞						6		
19		63 ⅛	64 ⅛ a 63 ⅞	81	98 ⅛	96	18 ¼	5 ⅝			12 ½	7		
20	161 ¼	63 ⅛	63 ⅜ ¼	80 ⅞	98 ⅛	95 ⅛	18 ⅝	5 ⅝	209 ¼					
21		63	63 ⅜ ⅞	80	98 ½	95 ⅛ ⅞	18 ⅝		209 ¼	61 ⅜	12 ⅛	6		
22	160 ¾	63	63 ¼ ⅜			95 ⅛ ⅞			209 ¼					
23	161 ½	63 ⅛	63 ¼ ⅞	80 ⅛	98 ⅛	95 ⅞	18 ⅝	5 ⅝	209 ½	61 ⅜	12 ⅛	6		
24		63 ⅛	63 ⅜ a 64	80 ⅜	98 ¼	96	18 ⅝	5 ⅝			12	6		
26		63 ⅛	63 ⅛ a 64	80 ⅜	98 ¼	95 ⅞	18 ⅝	5 ⅝		61 ⅝	12	6		
27	161 ½	63 ⅛	63 ⅜ a 64	80 ⅜	98 ¼	96	18 ⅝	5 ⅝	210 ½	61 ⅝	12	6		
28	161 ½	63 ¼	64 a 63 ¾	80 ¼	98 ½	96	18 ⅝	5 ⅝		61 ⅝	12	6		

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